

★ September

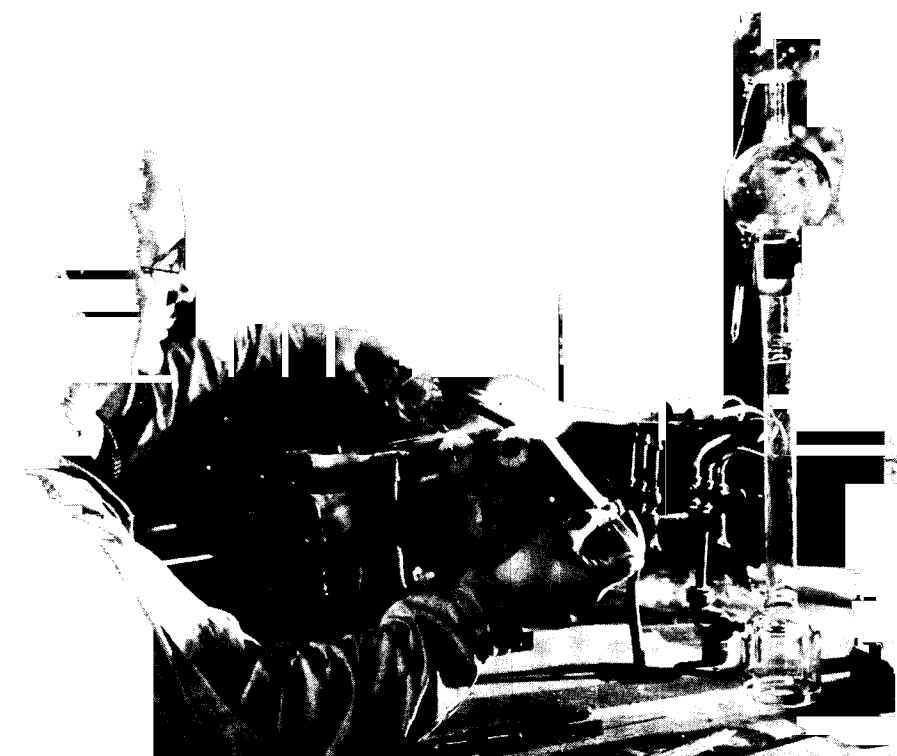
The American 37 Mercury



I Was a Communist Martyr	<i>Fred E. Beal</i>
April, Late April. A Story	<i>Thomas Wolfe</i>
Strip-Tease as a National Art	<i>Laurence Bell</i>
Autopsy on the New Deal	<i>Albert Jay Nock</i>
America's Cry-Baby Athletes	<i>Eliot B. Spalding</i>
End of August. Verse	<i>Edgar Lee Masters</i>
Ninety-Nine-Per-Cent British	<i>H. W. Seaman</i>
A Maverick on Parade	<i>John W. Thomason, Jr.</i>
Fat of the Land	<i>Della T. Lutes</i>
The Snake	<i>Alan Devoe</i>
Don't You Believe It!	<i>August A. Thomen</i>
The American Plunderbund	<i>An Editorial</i>
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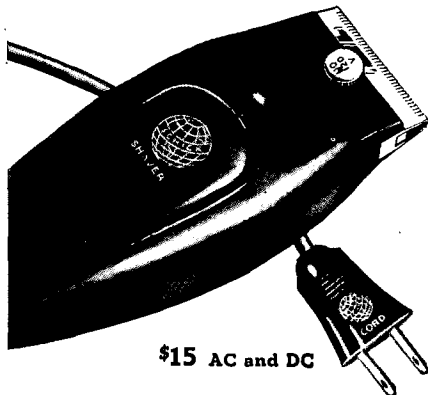
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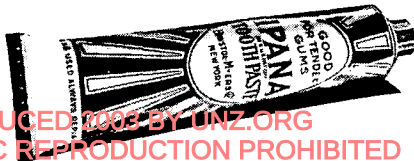
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VOLUME
XLII

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The American MERCURY

DR. ROOSEVELT'S PROPAGANDA TRUST

BY GORDON CARROLL

EVER since the World War first demonstrated the cash-and-carry value of modern political publicity, the taxpayers of the United States have been deluged by propaganda — *about* propaganda. In flamboyant phrases and solemn sermons, they have read of the censorship exercised by the Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini régimes; of how these dictatorships ensure their permanency by appeals to the rabid nationalism of the masses; of how European newspapers, the radio, and motion pictures have been converted into disseminators of State dogma; and of how the thoughts, acts, and destinies of the inhabitants of these "backward" countries are integrated under the impact of ruthless propaganda. The effect of such

disturbing news on this side of the Atlantic has been to convince the average American that he would be shrewd indeed to combat all schemes of governmental indoctrination — if he would retain certain of his supposedly-inalienable rights and privileges.

But in spite of the alarming spectacle of European thought-control, the American citizen, since the Roosevelt accession on March 4, 1933, has fallen victim to a torrent of high-powered propaganda which, in extent, plausibility, subtlety, and universal application, has never been equaled by any foreign dictatorship. During the past four years, Dr. Roosevelt has adopted personally the technique of the European publicity experts, refined much of it, added Left-wing im-

provements of his own, and set out to show the world how a real propaganda machine, geared to soaring political ambition and the modern collectivist tempo, should regulate the lives and votes of 128,000,000 gullible persons.

The Administration at Washington, of course, denies this charge. Its ranking magnificoes, appointed by the President, declare that the vast publicity program of the federal government, today as in the past, is mostly of an "informational" or "educational" character. To dispense socio-political data in this enlightened age, they argue, becomes a timely, "educational" responsibility of government, particularly in a country where one-third of the unhappy population is "ill-nourished, ill-clad, ill-housed". Assuming this explanation to be accurate, what, actually, have been the results of our high-pressure campaign of "education"? Fundamentally, they are only two in number: (a) the spread of the doctrine of collectivism into every section of the United States, in precisely the same manner as the doctrine of collectivism has penetrated into every section of Russia, Germany, and Italy; and (b) an unprecedented crusade of personal adulation for Franklin D. Roosevelt and his associates of the

Democratic Party, to the end that they may remain in office *ad infinitum*. Translated into day-to-day terms, these twin gospels have cultivated the virus of hatred, strife, and violence which now pervades every field of American social and economic endeavor. In the light of such evidence, can any reasonable person believe that Rooseveltian propaganda serves an informational, educational, or humanitarian purpose?

It is equally illogical to assert that the recent upsurge in federal publicity is chargeable to the exigencies of the Depression, and to a normal growth in population and bureaucracy; for the available statistics prove otherwise. Governmental publicity prior to 1933 was a trickle compared to the torrents which now submerge the country; even the Hoover-inspired gospel of Service appears in retrospect an apathetic influence when contrasted with Dr. Roosevelt's credo of the More Abundant Life. And yet, despite visible indications of propaganda on every hand, no one today can estimate precisely the extent and cost of our New Deal publicity machine. Geographically, it covers the forty-eight States of the Union, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and other insular possessions; in a financial sense, it involves the an-

nual expenditure of millions of dollars in salaries and supplies. Because, however, of the starry-eyed reticence of Dr. Roosevelt's aides in the matter of revealing facts and figures, it is doubtful if anything less than an army of professional investigators, operating over a period of years, could ascertain the actual state of affairs.

THE MERCURY lacks the facilities for conducting a protracted, widespread investigation; the task perhaps lies within the orbit of a publication such as *Fortune*, possessing extensive research resources, or of an outstanding newspaper such as the New York *Herald Tribune*, with a large staff and many press services. But to date, no publication in America has tackled the inquiry, regardless of the fact that it would disclose, if thorough and documented, one of the greatest political scandals of history. Even the Brookings Institution, the eminent fact-finding organization which recently surveyed the federal publicity program for a Senate committee, has uncovered only fragments of the picture. Despite the services of experienced Washington investigators and the utilization of official contacts, the Brookings report,¹ as issued in June of this year,

revealed clearly how the New Deal withholds specific publicity information. Consider the following excerpts (*italics supplied*):

Growth of Publicity Activities — *No figures are available* on the growth of publicity activities, but it is evident that it has increased materially in recent years. . . . After 1933 the directing heads of publicity agencies were usually men who had extensive experience in newspaper work and who had in many instances been Washington correspondents.

Present Magnitude. — Reports *received from the executive agencies* show that during the fiscal year 1936 the expenditures for salaries of persons who were engaged solely in publicity work or a part of whose time was allocated to that purpose amounted to \$521,000. In addition the salaries of persons who were employed partly on publicity work, but whose time was not allocated, amounted to \$81,000. These figures are for salaries of office staff *only* and *do not include* any expenditures for salaries, equipment, and supplies used in duplicating the releases. . . .

The figures above do not include any for the Works Progress Administration, *which has not submitted a report* on these activities. The figures likewise do *not* cover offices outside the District of Columbia, with the exception of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The failure of the WPA to supply information to an inquiry sponsored by Congress typifies conditions prevailing in Washington today. Few New Deal agencies

¹ Report to the Select Committee to Investigate the Executive Agencies of the Government, No. 13. Pursuant to Senate Resolution No. 217,

74th Congress. Report on Government Activities on Library Information, and Statistical Services. *Government Printing Office.*

welcome investigators of propaganda, and none supplies information on this subject other than routine hand-outs, summaries, and pamphlets, all of which are safely in the category of public property. Persons of a curious persuasion are referred to the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress, various statistical services operated by the government for the benefit of voters Back Home, and similar innocuous sources. But the important data relating to the scope and technique of Dr. Roosevelt's propaganda machine are kept in confidential files, available only to the master-minds of bureaucracy. Indeed, the aura of mystery which envelops these files is comparable to that shielding the innermost military secrets of the United States Government. Nevertheless, out of the welter of confusion surrounding the New Deal's publicity program, *THE MERCURY* has been able to catalogue more than enough specific information to support the statements made in this article.

For instance, nearly 100,000 pieces of franked publicity are sent out by the government every day in the year—a figure twice as large as that prevailing before 1933. Excluding editorial expense, the total cost for printing and distributing promotional material un-

der the Roosevelt régime has been estimated at \$217,453,043, divided as follows: lost postal revenues, \$118,849,020; paper, \$24,232,601; printing, \$74,371,422 (these figures include not only periodicals, but news sheets, bulletins, circular letters, annual reports, charts, and other forms of "information"). For the three-month period ending September 30, 1936, government releases totaled 4794, and 7,139,457 copies were distributed to an equal number of Dr. Roosevelt's "ill-nourished" wards. The New Deal's mailing lists now include approximately 2,300,000 names, most of which are docketed for publicity purposes. In addition, the Government Printing Office possesses a juicy catalogue of 1,404,666 names, supplied from 3310 mailing lists of executive agencies. How many private lists are maintained by New Deal politicians, no one knows. The Post Office Department, under the adept stewardship of James A. Farley, mailed more than a billion pieces of government material in 1936 alone (total weight: 2,522,585,952 ounces) at a cost of almost \$34,000,000.

In thirteen of the governmental agencies at Washington, the actual payroll for press agents of the New Life is some \$1,200,000 a year, or \$100,000 a month, or \$140 an

hour. The Department of Agriculture employs seventy-three public-relations wizards and assistants, who receive \$117,909 a year. At the Social Security Board, twenty-one patriotic dispensers of "information" draw \$69,240 yearly. At the Federal Housing Administration, twenty-three ladies and gentlemen of the press are paid \$57,120. The WPA maintains a superb publicity staff of at least sixty jobholders in Washington, whose monthly earnings are known only to Harry Hopkins and God. Throughout other governmental agencies, a comparable condition, in intensity if not in numbers, prevails. Each day, seven days a week, these entrepreneurs of ballyhoo, under the Roosevelt baton, blanket the country with artful propaganda; they operate through every known channel of publicity — and some hitherto unknown. The result of their ceaseless gospelizing is incalculable. Not even the Messrs. Stalin and Goebels have ever succeeded so well in applying the principle of mass-coverage.

Yet there is this strange factor in the picture: the average American citizen is completely unaware of the high-pressure tactics being used to chart his future along Rooseveltian lines. In explanation

of his ignorance, it may be said that he considers himself, as a descendant of Rugged Individualists, to be extremely discerning; he is convinced he can recognize partisan publicity when he sees it; he feels that any attempt at federal indoctrination would reveal itself as an overt invasion of civic rights. But throughout his reasoning there runs a fatal flaw. The secret of Dr. Roosevelt's propaganda, as practiced currently, is that it is no longer a sub-division of government: *it is Government itself*. That is to say, the major ambitions and objectives of the New Deal are so constituted that they can be attained *only* through the medium of propaganda. Such forward-looking schemes as proletarian resettlement, federal housing, rural electrification, agricultural control, social security, judicial "reform", and so forth, have not proved their efficacy in this country — or, indeed, anywhere else on earth. They exist primarily in the minds of the supermen who are attempting to create them. Hence, for Dr. Roosevelt to forge ahead and ensure himself a permanent post in the nation's political structure, the American public must be convinced of the soundness of his schemes before the government can actually set about regulating

the private life of each of its down-trodden children.

From this inevitable situation, at least one dismal conclusion may be drawn: that the total cost of the Rooseveltian publicity program will have to be met eventually by the American taxpayer, the same taxpayer who believes today that he lives under a democratic form of government in which propaganda is merely an auxiliary if unpleasant sideline to the practice of party politics. Or, to put it another way, it might be said that the taxpayer is in the predicament of a condemned prisoner who must pay the executioner in advance for lopping off his head. For the sum effect of Dr. Roosevelt's propaganda crusade will not only enlarge our bureaucracy to gargantuan proportions, scrap private industry, and emasculate personal initiative, but it will also necessitate a tax-rate far higher than any envisaged to date even by the frightened Economic Royalists of Wall Street. Such is the one inescapable result of the More Abundant publicity.

A full-length volume might be written on the methods by which this propaganda is distributed via the press, the radio, the motion pictures, the theater, and kindred channels. In this connection, THE

MERCURY has accumulated hundreds of documents and photostats which disclose the sly technique employed to sell America on the New Life. But lack of space prevents their reproduction in facsimile: our survey can merely emphasize the more important facts. This article, the first of three, will sketch the outline of the Administration's publicity organization: the others will deal with the specific methods by which Dr. Roosevelt has Hitlerized his constituents. In brief, our survey does not purport to be an exhaustive search into obscure and concealed channels of information. Rather, it offers the reader a synopsis of the motivation, structure, and operation of the greatest propaganda machine yet seen on earth — a machine which at this moment, in one way or another, openly or covertly, is shaping the destiny of every man, woman, and child in America.

II

In any inquiry into the subject of federal publicity, one common misconception must be avoided. Washington is *not* the sole source of Dr. Roosevelt's public-relations crusade. On the contrary, the Capital is merely a clear-

ing house. Virtually all New Deal organizations have set up regional agencies, which exist either in each of the forty-eight States or in groupings of several States together. Each regional agency is a minor Washington in itself: it maintains a headquarters, a staff of executives, a bureaucracy, and a publicity division. In the manner of Washington, each regional bureau grows year by year, enlarging the scope of its activities until agency overlaps agency and field-unit overlaps field-unit. In matters of general propaganda policy, the State organizations follow Dr. Roosevelt's lead, yet the application of the Good Life gospel is guided by the problems affecting a specific geographical area. In other words, the White House is the Mother Church: the employees of the regional parishes are hard-working missionaries for the salvation of humanity — via the New Deal. For their creed, the missionaries utilize the words written by the *Führer* himself:

Only through a clear understanding by every citizen of the objectives, organization, and availability of the government agencies can they render truly effective service and assure progress toward economic security.

In order to popularize this academic study in the American home, the Administration, during

the past four years, has fashioned innumerable new bureaus, agencies, commissions, councils, conferences, divisions, committees, units, boards, projects, corporations, combines, authorities, associations, trusts, co-operatives, centers, services, schools, companies, plants, factories, expositions, etc., etc. Each of these bureaucratic growths has "objectives" and "organization", each is determined to "render truly effective service and assure progress toward economic security"; but first of all, propaganda must obviously be disseminated so that the citizen can procure a "clear understanding" of just how Dr. Roosevelt intends to love him to death. The following partial list will indicate the number of New Deal agencies and offices created or continued since March 4, 1933, which the average American may study in his fireside moments. Lack of space forbids a complete tabulation; only those bureaucratic growths falling alphabetically under A, B, and C are presented:

ADMINISTRATIVE AGENCIES

Accident Prevention Conference
Administrative Committee, Division of Federal Register
Administrative Committee for Space Assignments, Office of Secretary, Department of Agriculture
Advance Planning Unit, PWA
Advisory Board on Contract Awards,

Public Works Branch, Procurement Division, Treasury Department
 Advisory Committee on Geographic Names
 Advisory Council of the Federal Home Loan Bank System
 Advisory and Servicing Staff, Federal Home Loan Bank Board
 Bank Presidents' Council, Federal Home Loan Bank System
 Board of Labor Review, PWA
 Business Advisory Council—Innumerable Committees
 Chickamauga Dam Project, TVA
 Committee on Co-operative Enterprises in Europe
 Committee on Government Statistics and Information
 Committee on Industry Problems, Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation
 Committee on Unemployment, CIC
 Commodities Exchange Administration
 Councils of the FCA—12; four directors each
 Council for Industrial Progress

EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Administrator, Resettlement Administration
 Administrator, Rural Electrification Administration
 Agricultural Adjustment Administrator
 Archivist of the United States
 Assistant Co-ordinator for Industry, CIC
 Assistant Co-ordinator for Labor, CIC
 Assistant Executive Director, National Emergency Council
 Assistant General Managers, HOLC—one for each of six Districts
 Assistant State Managers, HOLC
 Board of Directors, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
 Board of Local Inspectors, Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation
 Board of Trustees, Electric Home and Farm Authority—nine members

Chairman, Board of Governors, Federal Reserve System
 Chairman, Central Statistical Board
 Chairman, Social Security Board
 Chairman, Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission
 Chief Co-ordinator, Emergency Conservation Work
 Chief Disbursing Officer, Division of Disbursements, DT
 Chief, Projects Section, Rural Electrification Administration
 Chief, Savings and Loan Division, Federal Home Loan Bank System
 Commissioners, Farm Credit Administration—four
 Commissioner General, Great Lakes Exposition Commission
 Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization
 Commissioner of Indian Affairs
 Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Division of Internal Revenue, DT
 Commissioner of Prison Industries and Director of Information, Federal Prison Industries, Inc.
 Co-operative Bank Commissioner, FCA
 County Rural Rehabilitation Supervisors, RA

BY EXECUTIVE ORDER

Advisory Committee on Allotments, WPA
 Advisory Committee, National Research Council
 Advisory Council to Directors, Emergency Conservation Work
 Alley Dwelling Authority
 Board of Veterans' Appeals, Veterans' Administration
 Central Statistical Board
 Civilian Conservation Corps
 Committee on Industrial Analysis
 Committee for Reciprocity Information
 Commodity Credit Corporation
 Consumers' Division, Department of Labor

Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation

By LAW

Ackia Battle Memorial Commission
Advisory Board on National Parks,
Historic Sites, Buildings, and Monuments

Agricultural Adjustment Administration

Bituminous Coal Labor Board, Department of Labor

Board of Supervising Inspectors, Bureau of Mines

Bureau of Motor Carriers, Interstate Commerce Commission

Central Bank for Co-operatives

Central Statistical Committee

Commodity Credit Corporation

Commodities Exchange Commission
Corporations, National Parks, Historic Sites, Buildings and Monuments

This alphabetical list of examples of American bureaucracy, *circa* 1937—as created by Presidential letter, proclamation, press release, and executive order; by administrative ukase, bulletin, agreement, and press release; as authorized by State and organic laws, acts of Congress, and Presidential delegation of powers and authority; or that acts of Congress have specifically established, specifically authorized, or specifically continued—this beguiling list, then, can be extended to almost astronomical proportions, including virtually every form of bureaucratic structure known to the human race. But it is doubtful if the tabulation, if so extended, could be compre-

hended—in all its meanings and implications—by any living person. Hence, for the benefit of MERCURY readers, the list will be dispensed with, and in its place will be presented a series of brief descriptions of representative governmental publicity agencies.

Each of these bureaus, departments, boards, or administrations is utilized constantly by the *Führer* in putting over his propaganda message to the public—in an “educational and informational” manner. Each, in its own way, discloses the covert methods employed to corrupt the sentiments—and the votes—of the American public. Each emphasizes the age-old axiom that the elementary purpose of bureaucracy is to make itself seemingly indispensable to those persons who support it. Each accentuates the already obvious fact that a crisp Treasury check carries more weight with the average American than an appeal to his civic consciousness. Each validates the thesis that governmental publicity, no matter by what name it is called, must inevitably react to the benefit of the Administration in power. Each gives evidence of the subtle fashion in which collectivism is enfolding this country in the guise of “Liberal” legislation. And, finally, each reveals in-

disputably the vast geographical set-up of the New Deal promotional corporation, which, under cover of the effulgent Roosevelt smile, has stretched out to cover every crossroads, hamlet, town, city, county, State, and sectional area in the Union.

Home Owners' Loan Corporation

Through this famous organization, hundreds of thousands of Americans have been subjected to ceaseless New Deal propaganda. Sales-resistance has been reduced to the vanishing point by underwriting cash mortgages on the old homestead. The fact that the majority of the customers are poor credit risks, and have been evading their property payments for months, has proved no hindrance to the New Deal super-realtors. In fact, the latter seem to possess a psychic capacity for selecting the worst dead-beats in any community, on the theory that they are the most amenable to the *Führer's* Share-the-Wealth philosophy, and will vote accordingly. The HOLC clients are never allowed to forget that Uncle Sam, under the alias of Franklin D. Roosevelt, has kept them from the clutches of the Simon Legrees of Wall Street.

In order to expedite this process of subsidizing the homes of Amer-

ica, the HOLC has set up an imposing collection of "Regional, State, Autonomous, District, Division, and Territorial Offices".¹ THE MERCURY herewith prints the full list of these offices as a specific example of how New Deal bureaucracy flourishes. As the reader measures this list, let him keep in mind that each of these agencies is a distribution point for propaganda and a nucleus of Dr. Roosevelt's personal political party. Let him also keep in mind that the list represents merely *one division of one board* of our burgeoning New Deal government.

Alabama: State office, Birmingham.

Arizona: State office, Phoenix.

Arkansas: State office, Little Rock.

California: Regional office, San Francisco; Southern California Division Office, Los Angeles; Northern California Division Office, San Francisco; district offices, Los Angeles, San Diego.

Colorado: State office, Denver; district office, Pueblo.

Connecticut: State office, New Haven; district offices, New Haven, Bridgeport, Waterbury, Hartford.

Delaware: State office, Wilmington.

District of Columbia: HOLC Building, 101 Indiana Avenue NW.

Florida: State office, Jacksonville; district offices, Tampa, Miami.

Georgia: Regional office, Atlanta; State office, Atlanta.

¹ The quotations which appear in this article, descriptive of New Deal promotional bureaus, are taken from the *United States Government Manual*, issued by the National Emergency Council and published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

- Idaho: State office, Boise.
- Illinois: Regional office, Chicago; State office, Chicago; district offices, Chicago, Peoria, Moline, Springfield, Mt. Vernon, Aurora, Danville.
- Indiana: State office, Indianapolis; district offices, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Evansville, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Hammond.
- Iowa: State office, Des Moines; district offices, Sioux City, Davenport.
- Kansas: State office, Topeka; district offices, Kansas City, Wichita.
- Kentucky: State office, Louisville.
- Louisiana: State office, New Orleans; district offices, Shreveport, Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Monroe, Alexandria.
- Maine: State office, Portland.
- Maryland: Regional office, Baltimore; State office, Baltimore; district office, Easton.
- Massachusetts: Regional office, Boston; State office, Boston; district offices, Springfield, Worcester, Cambridge, Newton, Dorchester, Malden, Lynn, Brockton, Lawrence, Quincy, New Bedford.
- Michigan: Regional office, Detroit; State office, Detroit; district offices, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Marquette.
- Minnesota: State office, St. Paul; district offices, Duluth, Minneapolis.
- Mississippi: State office, Jackson.
- Missouri: State office, St. Louis; district offices, Kansas City, Springfield, Moberly.
- Montana: State office, Great Falls.
- Nebraska: Regional office, Omaha; State office, Omaha; district office, Lincoln.
- Nevada: State office, Reno.
- New Hampshire: State office, Manchester.
- New Jersey: State office, Newark; district offices, Newark, Jersey City, Camden, Hackensack, Atlantic City, New Brunswick.
- New Mexico: State office, Albuquerque.
- New York: Regional office, New York City; State office, New York City; autonomous offices, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Syracuse; district office, New York City.
- North Carolina: State office, Greensboro.
- North Dakota: State office, Fargo.
- Ohio: Regional office, Cincinnati; State office, Columbus; district offices, Akron, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo.
- Oklahoma: State office, Oklahoma City; district office, Tulsa.
- Oregon: State office, Portland.
- Pennsylvania: State office, Philadelphia; district offices, Harrisburg, Scranton, Pittsburgh, Erie, Johnstown; branch State office, Pittsburgh.
- Rhode Island: State office, Providence.
- South Carolina: State office, Columbia.
- South Dakota: State office, Sioux Falls.
- Tennessee: Regional office, Memphis; State office, Nashville; district offices, Memphis, Chattanooga, Knoxville.
- Texas: Regional office, Dallas; Texas division No. 1, Dallas; district offices, Amarillo, Ft. Worth; Texas division No. 2, Houston; Texas division No. 3, San Antonio; district office, El Paso.
- Utah: State office, Salt Lake City; district offices, Ogden, Provo.
- Vermont: State office, Rutland.
- Virginia: State office, Richmond; district offices, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Roanoke.
- Washington: State office, Seattle; district office, Spokane.
- West Virginia: State office, Charleston; district office, Wheeling.

Wisconsin: State office, Milwaukee; district offices, Eau Claire, Wausau, Oshkosh, Madison.

Wyoming: State office, Casper; district office, Cheyenne.

Hawaii: Territorial office, Honolulu.

Puerto Rico: Territorial office, San Juan.

This extraordinary list cannot be defended on grounds of administrative necessity. Indeed, it is doubtful if it can be defended on any valid grounds. But it indicates, nevertheless, the remarkable extent to which our benevolent President has gone in his efforts to ensure the political perpetuity of himself and his party, by means of high-pressure salesmanship. THE MERCURY regrets that its format prevents the publication of further lists of this kind; for each New Deal bureau boasts a geographical organization of comparable magnitude.

Agricultural Adjustment Admin.

The Triple-A, which was partly plowed under by the Supreme Court and then came to life again through the medium of the \$470,000,000 Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, is widely known as a government agency designed to save the American husbandman from droughts, dust storms, floods, ringworm, and other acts of God. But, principally

and unceasingly, the AAA is also out to save him from the Republicans. Being bolstered by millions in Treasury cash, and a free-and-easy spending policy, it is not likely that Henry A. Wallace's far-flung organization will fail in its task. Any farmer with a grievance is assured of a happy welcome from the AAA, a crop loan, a bonus check, and a short lecture on the More Abundant Life, delivered by Democratic press agents or by members of the AAA's speakers' bureau, who are termed "field specialists"—euphemism for "hired propagandists". The farmer is never allowed to forget that the Great White Father in Washington is brooding over his bucolic interests day and night. Indeed, as a medium of vote-getting paternalism, the AAA is in a class by itself, now that it has learned the political unwisdom of killing infant pigs and plowing under cotton. (Such matters are referred to by the AAA's missionaries as Ignoble Experiments, conceived and executed by Trotskyites.)

Bureaucratically, the AAA is divided into the following divisions, which will take care of almost any political eventuality in the life of a hard-sweating agrarian: Program Planning, Finance, Consumers' Counsel, and, last but not

least, Information, which "super-vises and directs all informational activities of the Administration, handles reports, correspondence, and printing, and maintains permanent records". Geographically, the AAA gets complete propaganda coverage through offices established in every section of the country.

Farmers' county and community committees share the happy burden of local Triple-A administration. In addition, a vote-conscious advisory council has been established in each of the forty-eight States, with from three to five members, the majority being rugged producers.

The useful assistance of the Office of Information, Department of Agriculture, is also employed in spreading the Roosevelt brand of propaganda from coast to coast. The Office of Information boasts that it "co-operates with the press and with radio stations in disseminating useful information on the important problems of the Department in an effort to help farmers' production costs, adjust production to demand, conserve the soil, improve the quality of their products, and widen their markets. More than 300 radio stations daily donate broadcasting time to the Department for this purpose". Indeed,

there is hardly an hour of the twenty-four when the downtrodden American farmer (like the downtrodden Russian, German, and Italian peasant) cannot turn on his ten-tube set and listen to sweet words from his political lords and masters. According to the Democratic National Committee, the 1940 Farm-Belt vote is expected to be heavy, particularly in those areas where Dr. Roosevelt is now distributing "educational" and "informational" publicity. In fact, James A. Farley must already anticipate the day when Herr Hitler's 98 % favorable plebiscites are duplicated here.

Resettlement Administration

This is a superlative propaganda organization, devoted to furthering the Rooseveltian way of living among all those proletarians who have failed signally in the past to earn a satisfactory income at any vocation whatever. The RA received a body-blow late last year when Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell deserted the New Deal to enter the molasses business; for, up until that time, Rexford was the spearhead of the campaign to "Make America Over", via the medium of the *Führer's* propaganda. The record of most of the Resettlement projects, however, is one of dismal

failure, coupled with wastage of the taxpayers' funds. (In the collectivist nations of Europe, such subsidized villages have been found useful only to house forced-labor brigades.) But have these facts dismayed the New Deal's public-relations agents? Not at all. They are on the job today, as busy as during the Tugwell régime, carrying the message of the New Leisure (for registered Democrats) to sharecroppers, hill-billies, ex-coal miners, and similar impressionables. Even Mrs. Roosevelt has found time to whoop up the Resettlement idea, although she has never commented publicly on the sorry state of affairs prevailing at most of the New Deal's rural Utopias. Apparently, it is RA's belief that any sociological scheme can be put over, provided enough propaganda is employed. To facilitate this work of "education", RA operates through the following divisions: Business Management, Finance and Control, Information, Investigation, Labor Relations, Personnel, Procedure, Special Plans, Land Utilization, Management, Rural Resettlement, Suburban Resettlement, Rural Rehabilitation, Construction, and Special Skills. Of these groups, one alone, Rural Rehabilitation, boasts that it cares for more than 700,000 fam-

ilies. It also makes certain that the adults in these families goosestep *en masse* to the polls, come November every fourth year.

Last Fall, RA, through its Information Division, was supplying 2000 phonograph records to some 400 radio stations throughout the country, in the same manner as the Kremlin supplies records to Radio-Moscow. On September 1, one hundred records had been produced from each of twenty transcriptions, the librettos including such paradoxical topics as the evils of Capitalism and the historical development of America. The material for these propaganda transcriptions was supplied by RA researchers, with professional artists to enact the studio scenes and professional orchestras to play soothing background music.

RA, in order to carry out its exhaustive and all-inclusive program of the *More Complete Life*, maintains a staff of regional organizations in twelve cities, each in charge of a press-agent-director.

Federal Communications Comm.

This remarkable and puissant organization, possessing the potential authority to control virtually all propaganda mediums in America, is one of the sacred cows of Dr. Roosevelt's political stable.

Any intimation that the FCC would attempt to censor radio, wire, or cable communications is met with outrageous protest. This could happen *only* in Russia, Germany, or Italy. But nevertheless, the private radio, wire, and cable companies of the United States are careful not to offend the FCC. They assume that it always pays to play safe.

Briefly stated, the job of the FCC and its twenty-one bureaucratic districts, is to supervise the transmission of writing, signs, signals, pictures, and sounds between all points by means of wire and/or radio. Last year, the late Anning S. Prall, then chairman of the Commission, broadcast the following message of hope to the country:

It is inconceivable . . . that there could be imposed by the new Commission regulation that would mean a denial of the same degree of free speech over the radio that is enjoyed by the press of our country. *But while that liberty should be granted and maintained, a reasonable degree of restriction should be preserved*, namely: the protection of the government and its processes, including judicial action, from violent disqualification and *unlawfully created disrespect*; the protection of individuals and their good names and business reputation; the protection of the morals of the public and its right not to be defrauded or deceived.

These are high-sounding words, but a second reading of them re-

veals that they place no restriction on propaganda. In other words, the bars are down, unless there is evidence of "unlawfully created disrespect". There is, of course, no restriction as to quantity. Hence, it is from this angle that Dr. Roosevelt aims his ether barrage of publicity. The air lanes throb day and night with an almost continuous fire of argument — open and concealed — for the existing political régime in Washington.

As recently as June 14 of this year, the Associated Press distributed the following bit of timely information from Dallas:

Dr. Samuel G. Inman of Washington, special advisor to the United States delegation at the Buenos Aires peace conference, said here today that President Roosevelt's good-neighbor policy would turn to the radio waves next Fall. He said that a series of broadcasts would be started to acquaint United States citizens of the history and background of their Latin-American neighbors. The broadcasts will be sponsored by the Educational Division of the Department of the Interior.

And two days later, on June 16, the New York *Times* printed the following dispatch from its Washington bureau:

A proposal is being pushed for the erection of a radio broadcasting station to be owned and operated by the government and to be devoted *for the most part* to broadcasting shortwave

programs from this country to Central and South America.

It has the backing of the Federal Communications Commission, and Representative Celler of New York has introduced a bill calling for appropriation of \$700,000 for the erection of the station and \$50,000 annually for operation. Commissioner George Henry Payne pointed out that *both Germany and Italy had short-wave stations* which broadcast programs to South America and which tend to drown out broadcasting from this country. . . .

Under Mr. Celler's plan the station would be erected by the Navy Department. *Its programs would be educational* and would carry no advertising. The station would be powerful enough to compete with if not drown out European stations.

Such information is highly illuminating, and reveals the fact that the Fuller and More Complete Life is soon destined to cross international borders. It also calls to mind the furious war of words now being waged in Europe between governmental radio stations. Moscow bombards the Nazis with propaganda in German, Berlin bombards the Comrades with propaganda in Russian, Rome courts the Austrians via the air lanes, France broadcasts daily messages of political import in several languages, the Communists in Spain bleat night and day for help against their "Fascist oppressors"; the Balkan States support a number of stations for purely na-

tionalistic purposes; and even the faintly-religious British Broadcasting Corporation occasionally looses a blast of blather, aimed at strengthening the Empire's military alliances on the Continent. In brief, European radio is a No. 1 instrument of State propaganda. No one over there denies it. Even in America, any forward-looking "Liberal" will prattle by the hour about that grotesque Nazi tyrant, Herr Goebbels, and his radio fulminations.

And what has all this got to do with Dr. Roosevelt's scheme to erect a super-station in Washington? How would such a move effect "freedom of the air"? Well, only a few months after the New Deal came to office, Commissioner Lafount of the Federal Radio Commission issued a manifesto which, in the light of current trends in the Republic, might be prophetic of the future of all communications. On August 14, 1933, Mr. Lafount expounded as follows:

It is the patriotic, if not the bounden and legal duty of all licensees of radio broadcasting stations, to deny their facilities to advertisers who are disposed to defy, ignore, or modify the codes established by the NRA.

True, this feverish statement was made four years ago; Mr. Lafount is no longer a radio censor. But

the collectivist philosophy of Dr. Roosevelt and his aides is not dead; on the contrary, it is noisily alive. And as the New Deal wizards move forward to their totalitarian goal, they are aware that a censorial precedent of wide significance has been established.

Department of Labor

Until the advent of the New Deal, this Department was a somewhat dreary clearing house for unimportant statistics, operating under the management of such supermen as "Puddler Jim" Davis and Dr. William Nuckles Doak. But when 1933 rolled around, the Labor vote took on new significance at the White House. Hence, the appointment of La Madame Secretary Perkins, who brought to office a long record of successful gospel work among the Down-trodden. As time passed, La Secretary, with the aid of the eminent Edward F. McGrady, succeeded so well in organizing the Workers into a Democratic voting bloc that John L. Lewis contributed more than \$325,000 to the 1936 campaign fund. The *Führer* evidenced his pleasure by retaining La Secretary in office, over the protests of anti-feminist politicians.

Since the November election, the propaganda activities of the De-

partment, most of them bearing the Rooseveltian imprint, have flourished: each day, hand-outs are dispatched to every State in the Union, telling of the latest developments along the Labor front, and of how business would boom overnight if all the Capitalist Bosses were strangled and Dr. Roosevelt took charge. As a means of coralling trade-union votes, this "informational" publicity is highly efficacious, particularly in the Steel, Rubber, Automobile, and Merchant Marine fields. In fact, the Department has shown a charming graciousness in dealing with the CIO. La Perkins often gets the New Deal on Page One by sitting down for a pleasant chat with Lee Pressman, general counsel for the CIO, who was, until lately, also general counsel for Dr. Roosevelt's Resettlement Administration. The advantages of such contacts are obvious—in a political sense.

At last reports, La Madame's leisure-time hobby consisted in writing analytical letters to the Captains of Industry, telling them how to run their businesses on More Abundant lines. Apparently, they pay little attention to these letters, but that doesn't worry La Secretary, for she knows that they constitute good propaganda among the proletarians. In between writ-

ing such missives, she occupies herself with the promotional program of the following Department subdivisions, each dedicated to furthering the Roosevelt Uplift:

Children's Bureau, Women's Bureau, United States Employment Service, Division of Labor Standards, Veterans', Farm, District of Columbia, and State Employment Services, Co-ordination of Public Employment Offices, and the National Re-employment Service. Some of the agencies maintain directors in the States, district offices covering groups of counties, and branch offices within the districts.

Farm Credit Administration

This bureaucratic imitation of a Wall Street holding company includes the Federal Land Banks, the Land Bank Commissioner, Federal Intermediate Credit Banks, Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation, Production Credit Corporations and Associations, Banks for Co-operatives, Emergency Crop and Feed Loans, Federal Farm Mortgages Corporation, the Federal Credit Union System, etc. Offices for the giant combine, where funds and propaganda are distributed on an equal basis, are located from coast to coast. A complete analysis of the

FCA's promotional and spending activities would fill the pages of two issues of this magazine. Lacking such freedom of space, it is sufficient to say that every American agrarian, at some moment of his unhappy life, is told confidently how much worse his predicament might be were it not for the constant efforts of Dr. Roosevelt to save his soul, his rural bank account — and his vote.

Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

This beneficent institution, approved by the *Führer* on June 16, 1933, and dedicated to the protection (with reservations) of the bank deposits of the Forgotten Man, has set up a series of district offices in the larger cities. Each of these bureaus maintains a staff of promotional agents whose business is to tell the underprivileged clients of some 14,000 banks how their money is guaranteed against loss, spoilage, Wall Street, and the Republicans. Strange to relate, the depositors' accounts are "protected" only up to \$5000, while the accounts of Big Business are not "protected" at all. The explanation, of course, is that the small fry number into the millions, as do their ballots. In the event of a financial crisis, the *Führer* can promptly assure his rank-and-file followers

that *their* funds are safe. But the billions in cash which are needed to meet the Republic's weekly pay-rolls are no more secure today than they were under the régime of the diabolic Andrew Mellon. New Deal voters, however, are not informed of this fact.

Securities and Exchange Comm.

The SEC was organized on July 6, 1934, to ascertain, among other things, how J. P. Morgan spent his time after dark. After discovering that he passed the evenings much as any underprivileged proletarian, the SEC enlarged its "educational" and "informational" activities to cover the business affairs of every citizen who had ever owned so much as one share of A. T. & T. Primarily concerned with such diabolic matters as stock-market trading, brokerage fees, salesmen's commissions, etc., the SEC also finds time to conduct a vast amount of subtle salesmanship for Dr. Roosevelt in every city in the country. Although it possesses the singular legal power of being able to conduct a trial in the joint role of judge, jury, and prosecutor, the SEC often discovers that the mere threat of a juicy Wall Street investigation is enough to bring an Economic Royalist to his senses.

Quite a number of the Commis-

sion's operatives are decidedly Left-wing in their political views, and as such they are vociferously opposed to Capitalism, unless it happens to be State Capitalism. This note of Rooseveltian dogma runs through many of the SEC's publicity hand-outs, disguised as "informational" material. The SEC, of course, maintains the inevitable New Deal regional offices, without which an up-and-coming bureaucracy cannot function.

Federal Housing Administration

One of the genuine high-pressure outfits of the New Deal propaganda machine. Any homeowner — provided he is an intelligent voter — can get succor and sustenance from the FHA, wrapped in a thick coating of Rooseveltism. The FHA has carried on a nationwide campaign to sell consumers of durable goods on the idea that Uncle Sam will advance cash for everything. In the old days, public-spirited citizens called such schemes *paternalism*; today, they are merely vestibules for collectivism. In fact, a program similar to FHA, if effected in Germany, would be excoriated by American "Liberals" as a Fascist plot to subsidize the masses.

The FHA's press agents aim special appeals at city editors, finan-

cial editors, and women's page editors, with emphasis on the latter. Feature articles, accompanied by mats, are broadcast generously, telling the housewives of America how to convert—at federal expense—cellar space into recreational area, how to decorate the sun-parlor, how to panel the living room in Circassian walnut, how to brighten the bathroom, etc., etc. All these suggestions, of course, are defended by Dr. Roosevelt's public-relations corps as highly valuable "information". But the point to remember is that just such suggestions as these, backed by promises of easy loans from Uncle Sam, are what enables bureaucracy to prosper. Further, they make a Treasury check more important than a ballot. The housewives of the Republic are expected to show their gratitude in November, 1940.

FHA also publishes a weekly, eight-column clip sheet for real estate editors; the Home Loan Bank Board issues direct appeals to newspaper experts; and to aid in the New Deal's "informational and educational" campaign, the Subcommittee on Law and Legislation of the Central Housing Committee, Department of the Interior, circulates a monthly *Housing Legal Digest*, containing thirty pages of legal opinions on current hous-

ing problems. FHA's promotional masterpiece, however, is a fancy monthly magazine, containing approximately twenty-eight pages, illustrated, and printed on slick paper, bearing the title, *Insurance Mortgage Portfolio*. All in all, it is a very tasty editorial job, mostly filled with articles written by the bureau's press agents. The FHA has service departments, comprising a Division of Public Relations, a Division of Education, a Department of Real Estate and Construction, and a Technical Division.

"Zone, State, and District Offices" have been created in sixty-seven urban centers, a bureaucratic feat comparable to that performed by the HOLC. But space restriction will not permit reproduction of the list here. The curious reader is referred to the indefatigable *Government Manual* for further geographical information.

Rural Electrification Admin.

Although the REA is one of the most active publicity agencies in the federal government, it has not, as yet, set up regional propaganda offices. The Washington headquarters apparently is quite capable of handling the traffic in hand-outs, clip sheets, magazines, and bulletins which constantly flood the country. Nevertheless, REA main-

tains four flying squadrons of New Deal salesmen in different sections of the Republic, who ballyhoo projects in specific territories. One group lurks about Des Moines, another operates in the vicinity of Birmingham, a third around Cincinnati, and a fourth in the Oklahoma City area. They receive the *Führer's* franked mail at their homes, and spend their days in careering through the agrarian regions, whooping up Utopia. The Democratic National Committee is well pleased with their work.

The REA makes no grants; it merely, under "suitable conditions", lends the *entire cost* of building rural electric distribution systems. In Russia, Germany, or Italy, such governmental practices are called State Socialism. But Dr. Roosevelt's press agents deny that the word can be applied here. They use the phrase, *The Good Life*, in its stead.

Electric Home, Farm Authority

The EHFA carries on where the REA leaves off — on a more personal, house-to-house basis. Its emissaries, usually disguised as shopkeepers and tradesmen, operate in every State of the Union, selling the citizenry on the idea of having Dr. Roosevelt install in every home a free mayonnaise-

mixer, hair dryer, radio, washing machine, etc. Under present terms, the purchaser is allowed up to thirty-six months to pay for one appliance, or forty-eight months for two or more gadgets, with the following remarkable exceptions:

Clothes washers or vacuum cleaners,
up to twenty-four.
Bottle coolers, up to twenty-four.
Radios, from twelve to eighteen.
Milking machines, up to thirty.

The full result of these efforts to make America Roosevelt-conscious will not be known until James A. Farley counts the votes three years from now.

National Emergency Council

A truly remarkable New Deal organization for promotion, in spite of the fact that many veteran Washington observers are unable to define its exact duties. Indeed, the NEC itself displays a becoming modesty on the subject. Organized by Dr. Roosevelt in 1933, the Council is supposed to provide for the "orderly presentation of business to the President, to co-ordinate inter-agency problems of organization and activity of federal agencies, to co-ordinate and make more efficient and productive the work of the field agencies of the government, to co-operate with any federal agency in performing such

activities as the President may direct, and to serve in an advisory capacity to the President and the executive director of the NEC". In other words, the Council is in an excellent position to co-ordinate the propaganda efforts of the White House, as well as to crack-down on various Tory malefactors. In and around the Capital City, the NEC is considered to be a mysterious, somewhat sinister organization. Its chief purpose, from day to day, seems to be to invent and keep secrets relating to Rooseveltian matters. Nevertheless, it produces in its offices over the long-defunct Commercial National Bank at 14th and G Streets, a daily information release, entitled *Digest of the Official Information by the Government*. That is to say, the NEC boils down government hand-outs and re-issues them for consumption in publicity channels.

The NEC also supports the ubiquitous Press Intelligence Division, employing about fifty persons. This paper-snipping agency cuts up some 400 different newspapers each day, subscribes to thirty magazines of national circulation, and maintains an imposing file of 2,000,000 clippings, covering virtually every subject under the sun. Twice a week it issues a

"memorandum on editorial reaction", and once a week it passes out an abstract of current magazine articles. From time to time, when Dr. Roosevelt is feeling particularly anxious about a certain New Leisure project, he calls on the Division to analyze for him the country's temper. In fact, not only the *Führer* but other federal officials as well use the Division as a sounding board. Whenever they want to know what the newspapers are saying, they call the NEC, and the clippings are supplied forthwith. During the month of April, this year, the PID loaned 106,000 clippings, each of which reported to some extent on the progress of the New Deal's "educational" drive.

The NEC maintains a Field Operations Division, with forty-eight State directors and one Territorial director; the United States Information Service, and an Editorial and Distribution Section. The State directors may be found, working diligently at various coordinating and propaganda projects, in a list of cities much too long to catalogue here.

National Labor Relations Board

The NLRB may validly be considered one of the spearpoints of Dr. Roosevelt's propaganda attack on all forms of democratic gov-

ernment. Primarily, the Board devotes its time, money, and intricate talents to proving that the Employer is *always wrong*, the Employee *always right*, on the assumption that once all the Employers are jailed, the New Deal wizards can run the country's industry. Recent happenings in the world of Labor warfare would indicate that the Board has a great future ahead of it. Its executives and agents have already pried, or intend to pry, into every business in the United States, from United States Steel down to the Bowery bootblack parlors. A number of its master-minds in Washington are distinctly Leftist, and will not feel happy until Labor in America is in complete control. Of course, none of the Leftist group would abolish trade-unionism, as has been done in Russia; yet all of them feel that the USSR is the sole hope of humanity. When pressed to explain this paradox, they are visibly embarrassed. The NLRB maintains a large army of snoopers throughout America, who file thousands of reports yearly on the iniquities of Big Business. The political value of these egregious inquiries is immense, and has been known to bring recalcitrant Republicans to heel. Even the doyen of congressional "Liberals", Senator Nye of North

Dakota, announced as recently as July 22 that the NLRB "seems to have gone out of its way to demonstrate to the public that it is a partisan body. . . . The Board has such a pronounced pro-CIO bias that the average man regards it as an adjunct. . . . It has disqualified itself as a referee between management and workers". Apparently, Senator Nye does not understand the Roosevelt propaganda technique. The White House is not interested in Management; it is interested solely in Workers. For if the latter can be convinced that the Great Democrat is on their side, they will vote accordingly in 1940.

Works Progress Administration

Mr. Harry Hopkins' organization for the promotion of the More Abundant Life is so well-known that it is unnecessary to recapitulate its objectives and attainments here. It is necessary to state, however, that the WPA is the most active, the most prolific, and the most beguiling of the Roosevelt propaganda agencies. Handling as it does the political destinies of millions of Americans, the WPA naturally is interested in selling itself to the public as an indispensable arm of government. Its publicity work covers virtually every square mile of continental United

States and possessions; its press agents are omnipresent and obliging; its ballyhoo is carried on openly and concealed in newspapers, radio, and movies; it spends millions of dollars yearly on press-agentry; yet of all the New Deal bureaucracies, it is the most secretive about its publicity resources and expenses. This is perhaps due to the fact that the WPA, since its inception in the meteoric White House mind, has committed a number of political blunders which have brought condemnation from the press — and certain articulate Republicans. The propaganda activities of the WPA will be discussed at length in the October issue of *THE MERCURY*.

Dr. Hopkins recently lost the services of one of his most eminent publicists for the *More Abundant Life* — Jacob Baker, assistant WPA administrator. Mr. Baker, a veteran member of the “I Am Not a Communist, But —” Club and an indefatigable propagandist, retired from the government service on July 1 to enter a new field of high endeavor. Under the benediction of John L. Lewis, he is organizing the Roosevelt jobholders into a new branch of the CIO, known as the United Federal Workers of America, an outfit devoted to the principle that the

State Owes Everyone a Living. In announcing the selection of Mr. Baker for the new Labor post, Mr. Lewis remarked that he “is thoroughly familiar with government procedure and an executive and organizer of national repute”. The question naturally arises: Why should the assistant WPA administrator have been, for several years, an “organizer of national repute”? The answer is that the organizing of jobholders and teaching them how to vote the Democratic ticket is a vital part of Dr. Roosevelt’s “educational and informational” campaign. The future Leftist activities of Mr. Baker in the new federal union will no doubt compare favorably with his past efforts to make of the WPA a political pressure-group.

The geographical set-up of Harry Hopkins’ charitable organization is thorough and complete; so much so that hardly a voter in America can escape indoctrination at one time or another. Bureaucratic agencies of the WPA, each supporting a host of propaganda-conscious citizens, are located in every State, city, and town.

National Youth Administration

One of the happiest and most carefree of Dr. Roosevelt’s *Good Life* units, the NYA is also one of

the most Leftist in its politics. Supposedly, it is consecrated to the task of teaching the youthful underprivileged how to enjoy the Capitalist luxuries of this great Commonwealth. Actually, it spends considerable of its time in straight promotional work for the *Führer*, always keeping in mind that the democratic youth of today is the Democratic voter of tomorrow. A major objective of the NYA is "to inform young people of the requirements and opportunities in different lines of work and to put them in touch with opportunities for the necessary training or retraining which may be available in any field in which they may be interested". (Don't confuse this program with the Hitler Youth Movement. The latter, of course, is a Fascist conspiracy.)

Oddly enough, the fields of Radicalism and Labor-organizing have been highly popular with NYA's ebullient charges, the theory being that if the Roosevelt-sponsored CIO takes over all business, there will be two jobs for every man, woman, and child in America. Meanwhile, the NYA, through its field agents, is aiding manfully in the *Führer's* propaganda campaign against private industry, whooping up the idea that Wall Street is constantly plotting to keep the work-

ingman from his dinner pail. This type of ballyhoo is not only popular with the youth of today but also with his parents, so that the NYA is really propagandizing two birds with one stone. NYA directors are located in every State and territory of the Union.

Social Security Board

Although this New Deal outfit comes last in our list of propagational bureaus, it may not be long before it will have to be placed at the top. Recent developments in Washington indicate that Social Security is going to be the Big Ballyhoo of the second New Deal *Reich*, even displacing WPA, whose vote-snaring dogma is apt to lose force through constant repetition. When finally organized on a hundred-per-cent basis, the Social Security Board will likely have agents in every home in America, to tell the individual at first-hand how to live the Roosevelt Good Life, just as Stalin has showered his personal blessings on the Stakhanovites in Russia.

The publicity set-up of the Board in Washington has recently undergone a thorough overhauling — that is, it has been built up to fancy proportions. Jobless newspapermen have come from as far away as China to try to land on the pay-

roll—and most of them have landed. Early this Fall, it is expected that the full force of their ballyhoo will be felt throughout the Republic. According to orders from the White House, everyone in the land *must* be made Social-Security conscious, no matter what the cost. In Germany, they call this process Nazi-ism; in America it is merely the Full Life, under which every worker, male and female, is given a number to wear around the neck. If the wearer of the number can be made to look upon the Boss as an Economic Royalist and an Oppressor of the Poor, so much the better. Such sentiments, according to Dr. Roosevelt, are warranted to make America a land of fraternal love. To dispense such brotherly gospel, the Social Security Board, at this writing, subsidizes Regional offices in twelve centers. "To insure efficient administration the Board maintains in each Regional office a staff of attorneys, statisticians, and experts in old-age benefits, unemployment compensation, and public assistance". In other words, a staff of vote-getting jobholders, supported by the American taxpayer.

Louis Resnick, then director of the Board's informational service, testifying before the House Appro-

priations Committee hearing on the first Deficiency Appropriation Bill, 1936, explained his large personnel with the statement that the purpose of the service "is to meet the need for information and understanding of the (Social Security) Act on the part of the general public and particularly on the part of the millions of employees and employers directly affected". He estimated the total cost of this Roosevelt missionary work at \$536,569, without specifying, however, what period that covered. Mr. Resnick also denied operating a Democratic publicity bureau, but admitted the existence of an editorial division which "will seek to utilize existing informational and educational facilities—oral and visual". He described his organization as including fifteen editor-writers whose work involved the preparation of "news and magazine articles, manuscripts for broadcasts, for visual education, and for publication in books and pamphlets." Mr. Resnick further revealed that there was an educational division as well as an editorial division, and that the latter was composed of writers whereas the former "is composed of people who will contact schools and colleges, fraternal organizations, and clubs".

The financial breakdown of

the Security bureau showed that as of May 7, 1936, nineteen public-relations wizards were at work in the educational division, whose salaries for 1937 will be \$54,660; and for sixteen employees in the editorial division, \$45,480. Commenting on Mr. Resnick's testimony, Representative Woodrum asked, pointedly if somewhat ungrammatically:

Why is it necessary to have fifteen people at a salary of \$3800 each to do that kind of stuff, together with six associate editor-writers at \$3200 each, and nine assistant editor-writers at \$2600 each? Why is it necessary to have thirty or forty people to write that kind of stuff, which, after it is written, you do not know who will publish it?

Mr. Resnick, in reply to another question, admitted that the Board was operating a speakers' bureau, but because of the limitation of staff, had been able to provide only one hundred speakers since January 1, although they had had opportunities to place 600.

All in all, it appears that the Board, and similar New Deal organizations, is thoroughly capable of handling the New Four-Year Plan of Rooseveltian ballyhoo for a Fuller, More Complete, More Bountiful, and More Subsidized Life — *i.e.*, Collectivism.

III

The propaganda manufactured by these various agencies, and exclusive of the articulate operations of the Democratic National Committee, Administration spokesmen, White House sycophants, and Dr. Roosevelt himself, reaches the country daily through a multitude of channels, which may be divided into three general categories. Two of these are located in Washington: (a) the so-called direct publicity service, supplied to Capital newspapermen and others through mimeographed hand-outs, clippings, press sheets, bulletins, and assorted throw-aways; and (b) the writers and publicists whose output clears through the more subtle mediums of radio, photographs, and motion pictures, as well as news stories. This hard-working division is more or less in direct charge of the third group—the New Deal's nation-wide field organizations—where the best-equipped press agents that Treasury money can buy are to be found on the payroll.

On the Washington home-front, the propaganda shock-troops comprise the cream of the publicity profession, for the White House realizes that press-agentry, like all other forms of human occupation,

has its grades of skill, comparable to common laborer, trade apprentice, craftsman, and master. Naturally, the public-relations men operating in the Capital City are drawn almost without exception from the Master classification — so much so that many of the Republic's leading newspapers have dolefully watched their veteran correspondents forsake the grind of Washington journalism for the more carefree (and often better-paid) rewards of gilded bureaucracy.

In order to insure that such recruits from the Fourth Estate will measure up to the high standards of the White House's propaganda campaign, virtually all applicants must pass the scrutiny of Stephen T. Early, member of Dr. Roosevelt's private secretariat and a former newspaperman himself. To date, Mr. Early has made no

mistakes in his choices — from a professional point of view: indeed, he has gathered together one of the ablest armies of publicity wizards in the annals of mankind. Each of these brigade commanders supports a staff of apprentices, whose major objective is to maintain the bureaucratic system under which they all landed their jobs. It is not difficult, then, to understand the vigor they display in going about their task of selling the *Führer* to the country.

The tabulated list below discloses — if only in part — the numerical strength of the publicity corps in *Washington alone* and its cost to the taxpayer. Figures are for whole or part-time press agents admittedly on the payrolls only of the bureaus which have consented to furnish information about their propaganda activities to investigators.

<i>Bureaucratic Designation</i>	<i>Number of Whole or Part-Time Press Agents</i>	<i>Annual Rate of Compensation October 1, 1936</i>
Agriculture Department:	73	\$117,909.00
Commerce Department:	7	24,600.00
Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation:	3	15,300.00
Emergency Conservation Work, Office of Director	3	10,000.00
Farm Credit Administration:	5	32,000.00
Federal Communications Commission:	5	9,460.00
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation:	1	4,000.00
Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works:	5	27,600.00
Federal Home Loan Bank Board, Federal Home Loan Bank System, Savings and Loan Division, Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, Home Owners' Loan Corporation:	13	30,390.00
Federal Housing Administration:	23	57,120.00

Federal Power Commission:	5	10,060.00
Federal Trade Commission:	6	19,120.00
Interior Department:	12	46,300.00
Justice Department:	2	14,200.00
Labor Department:	2	9,300.00
National Labor Relations Board:	1	5,200.00
Post Office Department:	3	6,760.00
Reconstruction Finance Corporation:	2	10,300.00
Resettlement Administration:	10	35,000.00
Rural Electrification Administration:	5	20,500.00
Securities and Exchange Commission:	7	20,240.00
Social Security Board:	21	69,240.00
State Department:	2	12,700.00
Tennessee Valley Authority:	8	31,200.00
Treasury Department:	14	48,600.00
United States Tariff Commission:	1	2,700.00
Veterans' Administration:	3	7,658.00
War Department:	8	20,475.00
TOTALS:	250	\$717,932.00

The reader will note the absence from this list¹ of such major propaganda organizations as the WPA and the National Emergency Council. They, together with many other government bureaus, refuse to divulge figures. Only the omniscient Dr. Roosevelt knows how many press agents they employ and at what cost to the taxpayer. The partial total of \$717,932.00 given here, however, is striking enough. It *could* buy a good many loaves of bread for "the undernourished" whose fate the New Dealers constantly bemoan. What it *will* buy is a good many more votes. Bureaucracies can't eat bread: they fatten on ballots.

¹ Compiled from figures published by the Brookings Institution.

IV

The foregoing outline of New Deal propaganda agencies and the figures concerning the government press agents in Washington will give the reader some idea of the scope of Dr. Roosevelt's publicity trust. The offering of such evidence, however, rarely suffices to silence a pro-Administration reader; on the contrary, it more often results in fierce accusations of bias and partisanship. Hence, it might be reasonable at this point to consider arguments in extenuation from Dr. Roosevelt's adherents; in fact, from Washington officialdom itself. A few months ago, a well-informed expert on the

Administration's promotional technique, T. Swann Harding, offered a plausible case for the defense. In the introduction to his revealing and authoritative article,¹ he stated:

The customary manner of writing about the so-called publicity activities or public-relations problems of federal government departments is simple. It consists, first, in acquiring a prejudice and the belief that they are all conceived in sin and born in iniquity; second, in ignoring the vast differences between the information methods of the various departments; and third, in selecting with relative disregard for accuracy what appear to be apt examples to illustrate the thesis that government departments should carry on no informational work at all. The result is a paper showing that government press, radio, and publication activities are a snare and a delusion, not to say a waste of public funds.

After outlining the informational work of the Department of Agriculture, where he has been editor of scientific publications since 1928, Mr. Harding commented as follows on how the government operates its publicity services:

Next in importance after accuracy is the necessity for putting facts in the most comprehensible and usable form, and for placing these facts in

the hands of those who can make use of them. Every mechanical agency must be called on to accomplish this — the press, the mimeograph and multigraph machines, the motion picture, the radio. The information must not be emitted in isolated, uncorrelated stabs of fact. It should be related to a general subject. The present trend is to organize the information on a commodity basis.

Now on some points, this defense appears to be well put, and a superficial reading of it will convince unobservant persons that Mr. Harding, rather than the critics of Dr. Roosevelt, is correct in his views on the ethics of federal press-agentry. But unhappily, his article fails to mention the following factors: (1) that the fundamental purpose of all government information, whether stemming from old-line departments or new agencies, is to ensure the constant enlargement and perpetuation of an already huge bureaucracy; (2) that the continuation of this process inevitably leads to the State usurping more and more of the powers which inhere rightfully to its citizens; (3) that in the past four years (and for the first time in American history) all the vast promotional agencies of government have been manipulated to the advantage of a particular political party; and (4) that the Roosevelt Administration — as empha-

¹ *Informational Techniques of the Department of Agriculture*, by T. Swann Harding. *Public Opinion Quarterly*, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 83-98. Published by the School of Public Affairs, Princeton University.

sized earlier in this article — can attain its collectivist objectives *only* by the most virulent forms of propaganda. When these four factors are taken into consideration, the casual observer of our federal “educational” campaign may pause to examine the real forces at work in the background.

Indeed, Mr. Harding, in his documented discussion, has unwittingly proved the very point on which he attacks his critics. He remarks: *The information must not be emitted in isolated, uncorrelated stabs of fact. It should be related to a general subject. The present trend is to organize the information on a commodity basis.* In these three sentences, written by a government expert, are summed up the underlying technique of Dr. Roosevelt's crusade for the Fuller and More Complete Life. Current propaganda is not emitted in “stabs of fact”, but in a ruthless torrent which floods the country; it is all related to a “general subject” — collectivism and an accompanying adulation for the reigning *Führer*; and the present trend is definitely to establish propaganda on a “commodity basis”, so that every man, woman, and child in America will have to partake of it, or suffer the consequences of political retaliation. As an effective

means of controlling a supposed democracy, based on the system of free enterprise, there has never been a mass-pressure weapon of equal magnitude.

By thus peddling publicity in an “educational and informational” manner, the New Deal is now busily engaged in every State in subsidizing large groups of American citizens with Treasury cash, in teaching them how to vote the straight Democratic ticket, in inoculating them with the idea that any man possessing more than \$5000 is a Class Enemy, and in preparing them for that Utopian day when the federal government will take over the management of every business, art, and profession in the United States. It is a superhuman task, this indoctrination of a nation with one man's collectivist philosophy, but the New Deal's press agents feel confident they can accomplish it.

In the second article of this series, to be published next month, *THE MERCURY* will present further statistics concerning the omnipresent New Deal propaganda, and will cite additional instances to show how Dr. Roosevelt is quietly attaining the same political objectives as his similarly-gifted contemporaries abroad — the Messrs. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini.

I WAS A COMMUNIST MARTYR

BY FRED E. BEAL

IT is one of the curious contradictions of American Communism that a movement which prides itself on tough-minded materialism cashes in so heavily on dripping sentimentality. There is almost a masochistic note in the Comrades' agitation, with every meeting a maudlin exhibition of self-pity and wound-baring, all of which is carefully stage-managed to entice contribution checks from the impressionable. And the central figure in all such tear-squeezing is the Communist "Martyr".

A long procession of these Martyrs has passed in review since the Stalinist Party was established in America. Each has enjoyed his little whirl of publicity (so long as he has remained a Party asset) only to be thrust aside when a more glamorous human exhibit appeared. Few of these superannuated Martyrs remain today in the Party; the Ben Gitlows, the Charlotte Whitneys, the Harry Eismans, the Ann Burlaks, the John Porters of yesterday are all extinct stars in the present Commu-

nist firmament. Their value as emotion-movers has been exhausted.

I was one of these Communist Martyrs. For a time, in 1929 and 1930, the whole mechanism of American Communist propaganda revolved around me. Heroized in the Radical press, hippodromed over the country before wildly-applauding audiences, I was the beneficiary of a publicity build-up as extravagant as that of a newly-discovered movie star. And then, just as suddenly, the campaign of exploitation was snuffed out. Today, although my social ideals are unchanged, my name is anathema to the Stalin politicians. No longer an exploitable Martyr, I became a Working Class Enemy when I refused to subordinate my Communist convictions to the Stalin whip. And so I was "liquidated".

Because the story of my career as a Martyr throws such a revealing light upon the humbuggery of the whole Soviet technique in America, I will take the reader behind the scenes and show him

how Communist saints are made — and shattered!

First of all, let me introduce myself. An old-stock Yankee, the son of a hard-scrabble New England farmer disastrously transplanted to a mill-town, I found myself at fourteen a wage-earner in a Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile mill. It was not difficult for me to adjust myself to the Italian, Portuguese, and French-Canadian fellow-workers who jostled me in the Lawrence mills: unlike the average Down-Easter, I have always been singularly free of anti-foreign prejudices. Another influence which I quickly imbibed from my fellow employees was Radicalism. Lawrence had only recently emerged from a sensational I.W.W. strike, led by the colorful Bill Haywood and Joe Ettor. Radicalism was epidemic. Soon I found myself participating in, and eventually leading, a series of strikes in Lawrence and other mill towns to which I drifted. For a time I was an ardent member of the Socialist Party but, always an incorrigible Left-winger, I quickly transferred myself to the more militant Communist Party as soon as its missionaries found me.

There followed a period of strenuous but obscure labors in routine Radical affairs. It was a round of

Party meetings, of committeeships, of distributing inflammable literature, of clandestine agitation among my fellow workers. Strictly speaking, Communist Party members have no private lives: they are forever at the beck and call of an insatiable Cause. My experiences were little different from those of thousands of other Party devotees of the period, until suddenly chance thrust me into the leadership of a spectacular strike of 30,000 New Bedford textile workers. The strike was only partially successful, but it catapulted me overnight into the ranks of Party celebrities. The following year (1929), I organized a strike in the textile mills of Gastonia, North Carolina.

Gastonia, and its interlude of bloody terror, is now little more than a footnote in the strike history of our times. And yet, in many respects, it was the ominous curtain-raiser of all the Class Warfare that has followed. From the beginning, it was a hundred-percent Communist-led strike. The climax came on the night of June 7, 1929, when Chief of Police Aderholt and three of his officers, together with one of my organizers, fell in an exchange of bullets. When Aderholt died, the doom of the Communist leaders was sealed.

Immediate reprisals were commenced. A hundred or more of us were rounded up: eventually, sixteen strikers and organizers were selected to stand trial on the charge of having conspired to assassinate the Chief. A first trial resulting in a mistrial, seven of the sixteen, including myself, were retried in an atmosphere of increasing local hostility.

But, despite the savage feeling against us, the evidence of the prosecution was so flimsy that it is doubtful if a conviction would have been obtainable if our own Party Central Committee had not master-minded the case into a hopeless muddle. Because we were facing a lynch-law atmosphere, the case should have been fought strictly upon the evidence, with none of the usual revolutionary heroics and exhibitionism then customary in Communist court procedure in the North. Instead, our Communism was flaunted before the jury, and the real issues of the trial were confused by loose talk of impending proletarian revolution in Gastonia. As a result, the jury promptly brought in a verdict of guilty.

It was characteristic of Southern justice that the four Yankee "foreigners" among the defendants — George Carter, Joseph Harrison,

Clarence Miller, and I — were given the most severe sentences. Our stretch was from seventeen to twenty years at hard labor in the State prison at Raleigh. Of the three Southerners, Louis McLaughlin and William McGinnis received from twelve to fifteen years, and K. Y. (Red) Hendricks from five to seven years. Thus, through the super-strategy of the Union Square Stalinists, we became Communist Martyrs.

II

Having elevated us to Martyrdom, it was inevitable that the Party should now exploit us for the good of the Cause. I for one, and I am sure that at least five of the seven of us, had no objections to such exploitation. We had enlisted for the duration of the Class War, and we were fully aware that the fortunes of war include all manner of sacrifices, even death.

But we were to receive good news as we pondered our fate in the Carolina bull-pen. Word leaked through that we would soon be out on bail and then sent Over There. "Over There" was our Promised Land, the first Workers' Republic, the Soviet Union! I can recall the ecstatic thrill of that moment. Led by Clarence Miller,

we marched around the bull-pen singing the *Internationale* and generally behaving like joyful maniacs. We were to see Russia!

A few weeks later, we walked out of jail on bail — while Party lawyers appealed our conviction. The Central Committee had raised \$26,500 for the lot of us — \$5000 apiece for the four Northerners, \$2500 apiece for the two Macs, and \$1500 for Red Hendricks. Later I was told the Party had collected the bail money in cash from the Garland Fund, the American Civil Liberties Union, and from individual “Liberals”.

There followed a triumphal tour of personal appearances in various Northern cities. Beginning the tour dramatically with an address to Carolina sympathizers in front of the Charlotte courthouse, I moved for weeks through an atmosphere of applauding Radical crowds. Overnight I had become one of the most valuable human exhibits in the Stalinite gallery. I was a living example of the “fiendish” malevolence of Capitalist justice, a symbol of the destined victory of the Communist-led American working class. How many eager recruits my example brought to Communism during this period, how many financial contributions my meetings brought to the Party, it would

be difficult to estimate. Suffice it to say that the Party used me to the limit of my strength while the Gastonia battle was still vivid in the public mind, and in my unquestioning faith in the wisdom of the high command, I gloried in my ability to serve.

All the time, the promised trip to Soviet Russia loomed before my eyes as the happy climax to my labors. It had never occurred to me that this trip might have been designed to get me and my fellow-bailees permanently out of the country. I had no desire to “skip”, whatever purpose may have animated others among my co-defendants. After a pilgrimage to Utopia, I confidently expected to return to America to endure the hard ordeal of my prison sentence, where, like Tom Mooney, I could serve the Revolution thunderously from a prison cell. But it appears that the Party leaders had different objectives.

Foremost among those who urged permanent “skipping” was my co-defendant, Clarence Miller. While speaking in Michigan, I received a telegram from him instructing me to terminate my field work, and to report to New York for a conference with the Party officials concerning the Gastonia Case. When I met Miller in

New York, he frankly sounded me out on my willingness to skip bail. With characteristic Stalinite casuistry, he presented the proposal "dialectically": of course, he, Miller, was personally all for skipping, while the Party was officially against it, and yet "confidentially", the Party actually wanted us to go to the Soviet Union. It was all very contradictory, and of a piece with the incredible master-minding which had lost us the case in Charlotte. When we met, however, with the Central Committee a few days later, it was made unmistakably plain that the committeemen, both as a Party body and as individuals, were irrevocably opposed to our skipping bail. An official attitude having thus been enunciated (presumably for the benefit of Roger N. Baldwin and the other bail-providers), the emissaries of Stalin then proceeded immediately to facilitate our skipping.

A few weeks later, we embarked for Russia. To cover our movements, we traveled in detachments. Miller and Hendricks crossed first: then Harrison and McGinnis: then I alone. The conspiratorial atmosphere was continued to the end. Miraculous passports were forthcoming for all of us. Mine, despite my Aryan tow-head and blue

eyes, was made out in the name of a Russian Jew.

I picked up the others in Berlin — this was before the days of Hitler, when Berlin was still the port of passage of most of the revolutionary pilgrims to Holy Russia. The five of us, now reunited, sailed from Stettin for Leningrad on June 28, 1930.

The Promised Land!

III

Arrived in Russia, all our expenses were taken care of at first by the MOPR, the Soviet affiliate of the International Labor Defense, and here we found the same ambiguity surrounding our status that had dogged us since leaving New York. We could not be granted a public reception at Leningrad such as is accorded to other visiting revolutionary foreigners, we were told by the MOPR chief, because the Soviet Government could not afford to antagonize the United States Government. Demand for our extradition by the U.S.A. would embarrass the U.S.S.R. Obviously, this meant that our presence in Russia must be unheralded. But if this were the determination of the Soviet functionaries, it was quickly contradicted by our experiences. Our

first two-week period in Lenin-grad was carefully mapped for us. We were rushed from factory to factory, and to numerous labor clubs, to deliver caustic lectures on the vileness of life in Capitalistic America. Moreover, upon our later arrival in Moscow, we found ourselves launched on more extensive tours, mine taking me as far as Uzbekistan. It was the secrecy of goldfish.

My first stay in the Soviet Union was brief, covering only the last half of 1930. After the first two weeks, I wanted increasingly to return. Even the cursory view of the country during my lecture trip shattered my illusions. I realized that workers here were mere serfs of a political machine; in Uzbekistan, for example, I was aghast when I saw children nine years old working in a silk mill. But when I protested against child labor in the Soviet Union, I was ridiculed. Soon, I had digested quite enough of this travesty on Socialism. I insisted with Moscow officials of the Comintern that I be permitted to return to the United States.

Of course I was refused. Unfortunately, the Gastonia case was now snarled in the North Carolina courts. As might have been foreseen, the State Supreme Court had

denied our appeal for a new trial when the news of our flight leaked out. Roger Baldwin, infuriated at the stupid handling of the case, was engaged in an embittered public controversy with the Party officials, and was demanding that we save the good name of the Radical movement by returning and serving our sentences. William Z. Foster had resigned from the ACLU in resentment over this Baldwin stand. Whereupon, William Weinstone, Communist Party nuncio in Moscow, forbade Hendricks and me any further communications with the ACLU. To halt the altercation, the Comintern now proposed that the five of us should undertake a round-the-world propaganda tour in defense of political prisoners in America — an obvious mouth-closer. Hendricks and I refused to be thus sidetracked, and, defying Weinstone, we appealed to Roger Baldwin for return passage money. Finally he cabled the money, whereupon the MOPR bestirred itself and, spurning Baldwin's aid, paid my passage to New York and started me home in January, 1931. Doubtless, Moscow was delighted to be quit of such a turbulent Martyr. Unfortunately, I was soon to be back, and to begin trouble anew.

For if I had expected to be al-

lowed to proceed with my intention to surrender to the North Carolina authorities upon my return to New York, I was due for disillusioning. It was apparent that the issue of my personal fate had now become completely overshadowed in the Party councils by the more impellent issue of saving the Party face. The blundersome handling of the Gastonia case could not be exposed to public ridicule by my surrender at this late hour. Both Moscow and New York united to put pressure upon me to subordinate my personal inclinations to the Party good.

Promptly upon my arrival, I found myself taken in tow by a formidable company of Party leaders, associates, assistants, satellites, flunkies, persuaders, argufiers, special pleaders, and their ilk. Rumors had leaked back from Moscow that I was in an unpredictable mood, and that I might break with the Party. But this would be disastrous, after the extravagant manner in which I had been built up as a Communist Martyr only two years before. Was it possible, they asked me, that I, a lifelong revolutionist, would strike a blow at the Cause by revealing to the world that I would prefer to spend twenty years in an American prison rather than live

in the Soviet Union? Thus appealed to, I found it difficult to proceed with my original resolution. True, the sights which I had seen in Russia had pretty well chilled my former ardor for the Soviets. But I was not yet prepared to abandon my faith in the revolutionary cause in America: to do so would be to repudiate the whole logic of my life. Moreover, I must frankly state that the prospect of twenty years in a Southern prison was not particularly alluring to me, particularly since the collapse of Communist organization in Gastonia had now destroyed any working-class benefit which might result from such a single-handed sacrifice. Probably because I was in the mood to be persuaded, I allowed myself to be convinced that I had spent too brief a time in the Soviet Union to arrive at any true generalization, and that I owed it to the Cause to return to Russia and to await patiently the gradual achievement of a Workers' Democracy which would follow the new Five-Year Plan. Remember, I was still a Communist, and hence a wishful thinker where revolutionary possibilities were concerned.

And so I abandoned my purpose to surrender, and in September, 1931, found myself again returning to Russia.

My second visit to the Soviets lasted two years — certainly a long enough time to assess the realities of the Soviet experiment. I lived with the Russian workers, most of the time at the great Kharkov tractor plant. I participated in all of the furious strivings of the first Five-Year Plan. I saw the inside wheels of the ponderous Soviet mechanism, and all the little jigs and cams which made the wheels go round. God knows I wanted to be convinced that the Stalin program was a vestibule to that Ideal Society to which I had consecrated my life. Every instinct inclined me to look with tolerant eyes upon the heart-breaking inadequacies and injustices which faced the worker in Russia. But I could not, like Clarence Miller and so many other complaisant dream-walkers, convince myself that the suffering and futility which I saw everywhere in Stalin-land were but figments of the Capitalist imagination. I could not live with the lie in my heart which is being carried today by every Stalin yes-man. After two years, I resolved to return to America at any cost, and in the face of the fury of the whole Communist movement, tell the story of my disillusionment to a still unshackled American working class.

The final act of my career as a Communist Martyr was my escape from Soviet Russia in 1933 — an escape which was effected by as elaborate a bit of play-acting with the Communist officials as has ever been perpetrated upon them. Had the Comintern guessed my intentions, I would never have been permitted to leave Russia alive. My passport, since my arrival in Russia, had been locked in the safe of the MOPR in Moscow, to restrain my movements. Waiting until the approach of its expiration date, I finally talked the Moscow officials into giving me an exit visa to enable me to go to Warsaw to have the passport renewed. I raised the necessary money with the help of a sympathetic friend. Even then, I was stopped at one frontier, and was forced to travel from the Black Sea to the Baltic before I could escape into Europe.

On this final return to the United States, I did not resume my activities in the Communist Party. The old faith was dead. Russia and its hideous Labor slavery had destroyed in me forever the lifelong dream of a Soviet America. Since my return, shadowed and circumscribed by the still over-hanging North Carolina sentence, I have attempted, through such publicity channels as have

been open to me, to tell the American workers the tragic story of my awakening from Communist Martyrdom.

IV

Meanwhile, what was happening to the other six Gastonia defendants who had fled with me to the Russian sanctuary? It is natural for readers to assume that my reaction against the Soviets was perhaps a personal attitude, not typical of the impressions which might have come, under similar circumstances, to other Communist workers. Accordingly, it is interesting to note the effect of their Soviet experiences upon my associates — all except two of whom were run-of-the-mill, normal, American wage-earners. Let us see what they had been doing while I had been in my own Gethsemane.

Clarence Miller was a perfect example of the aspiring second-rank Communists who surround the Browder-Foster throne in America, and who have their prototypes in the functionaries who fawn on the ineffable Stalin in Russia. He was the only one among us not of proletarian origin. Born in 1906 of well-to-do middle class parents, Miller had joined the Young People's Socialist

League while still in school. Appearing as a volunteer enthusiast at the Communist-led Passaic strike in 1926, he had switched to the Communist Party. From the beginning, it was evident that he was the headquarters type of Radical. Profoundly impressed, even as a boy, with the conviction that he was born to leadership, he had begun his Communist career by studying the intricate technique of political manipulations rather than the more forthright technique of the picket line. When he was thrown onto my hands in Gastonia, he was already deep in the intrigues of the controlling Party group. Transplanted to the atmosphere of Moscow intrigue and mean bureaucratic politics, Miller flourished. He secured a job in the Comintern and finally wound up as a Red professor. Amusingly enough, he fortified his Russian standing by inventing an elaborate proletarian past, in which he recorded himself as an ex-foundry, shipyard, and cement worker in America. None of us was so unkind as to give him away. Presently, his wife also joined him in Moscow, and when I last heard of her, she too had a job with the Comintern.

Joe Harrison, who carried a Gastonia buckshot wound with him to

Russia, perhaps suffered the most bitter experience of any of us, but, by making the mistake of falling in love and marrying a Russian girl, he fettered himself inescapably to the Soviet régime. Harrison, a true proletarian, had been active in the Communist Party since the days of the Passaic strike. Well-meaning, but not overly-intelligent, he proved to be putty in the hands of the astute Miller throughout the Gastonia experience.

The best which was provided for him in Russia was an ordinary Soviet factory job, with lodgings in a typical bug-infested barracks. Eight other people lived in the same room with him. To that room he brought his bride, a schoolteacher. Mrs. Harrison gave birth to a baby which was a mute testimonial to the mother's undernourishment during gestation. The baby slept at the foot of their narrow bed. Poor Joe, finding his life well-nigh unendurable, constantly wrote to me to Kharkov, asking for bare necessities. I helped him as best I could. Once, in desperate need of essentials for his baby, he actually came to Kharkov. The Americans who were working there as technical experts made up a purse for him. In desperation Joe finally decided to get out of the Soviet Union and return

to the United States. Having no other means at his disposal, and being, after all, an agitator of some experience, he began to make a nuisance of himself around the American correspondents and tourists, regaling them with tales of his and his Russian Comrades' sufferings, until finally MOPR was blackmailed into a decision to get rid of him and to send him back to his new Promised Land, the United States.

In New York, constantly dodging apprehension, he could not earn enough money to bail his wife and child out of the Soviet union. He had to raise \$1000 as ransom — "visa fee" is the Soviet term for it — in addition to traveling expenses, in order to get his wife and child out of Russia. He became apprehensive lest the Soviet Government, in keeping with certain recent decrees, would resort to reprisals against his family. And so he kept his mouth shut in New York, and finally abandoning his plan, he accumulated enough money to get back to Russia, and returned to Moscow and to his Russian family, licked.

Bill McGinnis, physically the most courageous among us, but an almost illiterate Southern mill-hand who first heard of Communism in the Gastonia strike, did

succeed in getting out of Russia, after heart-breaking experiences as a Soviet worker. The story of his adventures would seem almost unbelievable to a reader who has been fed upon the sugary fairy tales of an Anna Louise Strong or a Louis Fischer. Bill had one supreme advantage over all of us in Russia — the superbly logical and unconfused mentality of the illiterate. Having been taught by me and by other Communist trade unionists what a class-conscious worker is expected to do when confronted with intolerable conditions, he was impervious to the dialectics of those who tried to tell him that there was an exceptionalism in Soviet Russia. Finding vile working conditions in the Soviet factory to which he had been assigned, he proceeded to agitate for a strike. As soon as he picked up a little Russian, he became a storm center among the workers. He agitated so energetically that before long his shop was in an uproar. Of course, such agitation wouldn't do in an emancipated Workers' Republic. Strikes and free labor unions are not allowed in Russia. And so, by the order of the All-Union Communist Party, Bill McGinnis, that dangerous and subversive Red from Gaston County, North Carolina, was re-

moved from the factory, enrolled in a training school for Uzbek Communist agitators, and presented with a volume of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*.

Bill may not have been a dialectician, but he knew when he was being kidded. And so he delivered an ultimatum: either back to a Soviet factory — or back to the United States! He wasn't going to waste time toting a heavy book and looking wise. The Comintern, the GPU, and William Weinstone argued, threatened, and pleaded with Bill, but he remained obdurate. He wore everyone down, and at last, recognizing that they had a tartar on their hands, the officials granted him an outgoing visa, as well as his fare to New York. Even then, there was another ludicrous episode, when he was stopped by Soviet red tape from removing his few belongings from the Uzbek school for lack of a pass. Wrenching loose an iron leg of a bed, Bill belabored eight guards until he was overpowered by GPU reinforcements and thrown into jail. Weinstone got him out of this last mix-up and he was bundled onto a train and speeded out of Russia. Two years later I heard that he had died, still a fugitive, somewhere in his beloved native South.

But the most curious — perhaps

I should say tragic — reaction by any of us to Communist Russia was that of George Carter. There was always something faintly strange about George. I have often thought of him as that rare individual — the natural Martyr. He seemed to relish suffering — to welcome the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. In Russia, George found himself in his element. One of his strange delusions had always been that he was the target of matrimonial plots. In Russia, he had one bad episode when he fled from the Gigant — the mammoth farm collective to which he had been assigned — when he suspected matrimonial designs on the part of an aggressive lady Comrade. After this, he settled down to a lifetime lot as a Russian subject. He let his beard grow and went native. When I last saw him — he had come to pay me a friendly visit at the Kharkov plant — I could not tell him from the most abject of Russians. He was broken in health, unkempt from head to foot, in rags and tatters. When I offered him clothes and food, he refused. He told me that he lived exclusively on potato peelings, because he could not bear to live any better than the Russians. He is still in Stalin-land — if he survives.

Louis McLaughlin also came to a tragic fate in the Russian Paradise. A Southern mill-hand, of impoverished poor white stock, Louis had become a Communist in Gastonia, being a guard in strike headquarters. With Joe Harrison, he had been relegated to an undesirable factory job in Moscow upon our arrival, and had been stabled in the same bug-infested barracks. But less fortunate than Joe, he could never secure even a bed and slept on the floor, sustained by the promise of a bed at some future date. To improve his failing health, he finally wangled an outdoor job — delivering bread to factory lunchrooms. But being always underfed, he repeated the crime of Jean Valjean — he stole a loaf. What happened to him in this Workers' Paradise? After much sleuthing by the GPU, a Javert of this Socialist Republic finally apprehended Louis in Moscow, blissfully sauntering down the street named after Maxim Gorky — yes, Comrades, the same Maxim Gorky who created Chelkash — munching his purloined loaf of bread. For stealing food, this hungry Martyr of Gastonia was imprisoned and charged with a *political* crime against the Workers' State. Those Americans who learned of his plight appealed to the Comintern

to extricate him from the GPU clutches. Fortunately, Louis had not yet become a Soviet citizen, so his final punishment was slight. Instead of being shot, he was merely exiled.

Of all the members in our group, I have always felt that "Red" Hendricks had the greatest potentiality as a Communist leader. A poor-white Southern mill-worker since the age of eleven, he was a born rebel. Before he came to the revolutionary movement, his health had been undermined by tuberculosis acquired on a Southern chain-gang; but, an impassioned orator, a natural leader, he had been a tower of strength on our strike committee at Gastonia. This descendant of old Southern settlers had indicated the depth of his Communist convictions by giving to his first-born the name of "Lenin Hendricks". In Russia, however, he had experienced the same shattering disillusionment which had come to me. Hendricks could not accompany me on my first return to America; but when I got back to Russia in 1931, I found him in a Moscow hospital with his mind unchangeably fixed on a return to the United States. The Workers' Paradise which he had envisaged in Soviet Russia had turned to ashes in his mouth. In January,

1932, he at last succeeded in leaving Moscow. Back in New York, he was to face an equally heart-breaking experience at the hands of the American Communists. It was his intention to surrender himself to the North Carolina authorities while the Party exploited the act by initiating a drive to revive the now extinct Gastonia organization. But he found the Party leaders uninterested in the plan. For some months he persisted, dodging arrest in New York, and meeting from the Party officials the cold insistence that he get back to Soviet Russia, and cease making trouble. In June of that year, he was betrayed to the police by a communist stool pigeon, and returned to Raleigh prison. He served out his sentence (the shortest of the seven), and is now free on parole, lost to the Cause.

V

Such has been the fate of the seven Gastonia Communist Martyrs. With the exception of Clarence Miller, who never was a proletarian, and George Carter, who was a masochist, Russia has turned all of us against our dream of Communist Revolution. The smugness and insensitiveness to the needs of the workers which

had caused us to rebel against conservative trade unionism in America, confronted us in redoubled form in the Comintern of this Workers' Republic, with the added infamy that it fortified itself in Russia by a cynical perversion of Marxian phrases. We found not Paradise, but a charnel-house of our revolutionary hopes.

For me, it was not easy to admit this bitter discovery. For a long time, I tried every excuse of intellectual and moral evasion rather than face the duty of an irrevocable break with my Cause. I sought counsel with my Communist superiors, but nowhere in the cringing atmosphere of Stalin-land did I find a willingness to face truths heroically, and to understand the position of one to whom Communism was still an idealistic faith, and not a mere Party job.

My present position is a hideous one; but I prefer it to the hypocrisy of the life of a Communist functionary in present-day Russia. My "Martyrdom" is not yet con-

cluded. So far, I have managed to keep out of prison: but the sentence of seventeen to twenty years at hard labor still hangs over my head. What the final outcome will be, I do not know.

But my story, as a human document, may be for others a revelation of the inevitable tragedy which underscores the fate of a Communist Martyr. We who have served the Party with our very lives, who have been held up for a moment's notoriety as human symbols of revolutionary sacrifice, eventually find that we have merely been steppingstones—not for Labor, but for greedy Communist Party bureaucrats. For a brief time, while the publicity light beats upon us, we live in the intoxicating atmosphere of admiration. But the hour quickly passes. If then, like the Gastonia boys, we become obstacles instead of aids in the pathway of the Party, we are sacked out of hand. The Martyr of yesterday becomes the Workers' Enemy of tomorrow.



NINETY-NINE-PER-CENT BRITISH

By H. W. SEAMAN

THE English beach where I sat reading might well have been Coney Island, N. Y. *My Romance* clashed with *The Love Bug Will Bite You* and the cries of mothers calling their howling brats out of the sea or urging them in. Fathers, abandoning the effort to read their Sunday papers in that din, covered their faces with them and lay prone on the sand. In my own book, I found myself reading one paragraph over and over again:

An unholy thought must trouble the American when his fancy passes before his mind's eye the image of Old England *Americanized*. And a faculty more trusty than fancy will present this transformation to him as he visits the great centers of the nation's life and industry. He will see that England is becoming Americanized shockingly fast. It is losing the old individuality. Look at the miles of three- and four-story houses now running out in every direction. Will you see a single feature of the Old England of our common memories in them? No; not one. It is doubtful that there will be anything of the Old England left at the end of fifty years.

The date of the book was 1864; the title *A Walk from London to*

John o'Groats; the author, Elihu Burritt who came from Connecticut to look our grandfathers over, and wept. And surely he would have wept again if he could have come to this English beach to see what changes seventy-odd years had wrought. The kids were calling their parents pop and mom, not papa and mamma as I, an English child, had called mine when they brought me to this beach. Nor did we call it the beach then, in the American way; it was the seaside, and *I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside* was the tune the band played on the pier. I came to the seaside in pipe-clayed shoes, a sailor suit with lanyard complete, and the wide-brimmed straw hat of the jolly British tar, with *H.M.S. Terrible* in letters of gold on the ribbon. But now the boys and girls wear the white cup-and-saucer hats of the Yankee gob, labeled "So what?"

So we are Americanized? Port-soaked Tories, writing on club notepaper to the London *Times* to denounce the monstrous invasion,

find the tongue of their fathers inadequate to express their indignation, and fly for strength to words and phrases that were recognizably American a generation ago and now are ours. "I may be an old foggy—" writes one, forgetting that *old foggy* comes from West Point. "It's up to us to keep the pure well undefiled", writes another, so unwittingly Americanized that he signs himself "One-hundred-per-cent British". A third mixes tears with his ink in deploring the plague of American songs and pointing out the superiority of those fine old English melodies of yore, *After the Ball*, *Two Little Girls in Blue*, *Goodbye, Dolly Gray*, and *In the Good Old Summer Time*.

And who can blame the old boys if in their loyal rage they fail to distinguish friend from foe? The impact of America on English life and habits is bewildering. Few doubt its force: the only argument is whether it is to be welcomed or resisted. Not long ago in *Radio Times*, the organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation, the point was debated by the Hon. Quintin Hogg, who was for barricades, and Constant Lambert, who thought Americanization was good for us. Both took the fact of Americanization for granted, and

pointed to its fruits. The Hon. Mr. Hogg blamed America for the current cult of bogus antiquity, typified in Ye Olde English Bunne Shoppe, and Mr. Lambert thanked America for steel office-furniture.

And on this English beach, which might have been Coney, with empty chewing-gum packages and ice-cream cartons all around, I found myself pondering these things. We consume £2,000,000 worth of chewing gum every year. During a murder trial at the Old Bailey recently, I saw learned counsel on both sides, wigged and gowned, chewing gum all day long. We eat ice-cream all the year round, and, thanks to American example, it is better than the frozen custard we used to eat and almost as good as American ice-cream. True, it is not yet dispensed in chemists' shops, but we are beginning to call them drugstores, and in time, surely, our druggists will sell newspapers and cameras.

And what did the band play during the Dartmoor riots, while the prison burned? *The Stein Song*. What did the band of H.M. Royal Marines play to the Coronation crowds in Whitehall? *Pennies From Heaven*. At the Coronation naval review at Spithead, the same band played Irving Berlin's *Join the Navy and See the World*.

Until ten years ago the only baseball known in England was an English variant, played with a soft ball, which was lobbed or bowled, not pitched. Today we have four baseball leagues, two of them professional, playing the American game. Gates of 10,000 are common, and of 30,000 not unknown. We have the Manchester Red Sox and the Liverpool Giants. Most of the players are former players of Rugby football, and the fans are deserters from cricket.

Monkey nuts are now called peanuts, and trousers are called pants. Ask for tea at Ye Olde Farme, and you will get canned beans from New Jersey and canned asparagus from California. I have not yet encountered a roadside Lubritorium, but the amusement park on this beach, with pin-tables, dragons' gorges, and death-rides "straight from Coney", is called a Sportarium, and the other day in the ancient town of Spalding in Lincolnshire I found a tea room calling itself a Cafélita.

Our undertakers are not yet morticians, but my butcher has become a purveyor and my grocer's shop is now a store. The deepest dug-in die-hard could hardly speak of a Woolworth's shop. And even in Southern California I have never encountered so swell a

corpse disposal plant as has just been established at Stoke Poges, hard by the celebrated churchyard of the *Elegy*. Would Babbitt's brother sleep forever within ear-shot of the moping owl and the lowing herd? It can be done — at a price. A field near Gray's church has been made into an ash garden.

Every day some new evidence of the Americanization of England hits me in the eye or ear. Our cinemas are full of American talkies and our magazines full of American stories, jokes, pictures. Our popular illustrators fall over one another and themselves in the endeavor to imitate Arno, Steig, Thurber. In my home town, *Readers' Digest* is on sale in shops that do not stock the *New Statesman*. Cartoons from *Esquire* hang beside the dart-board in my local pub. You can now ask for a club sandwich in at least twenty London restaurants without getting a blank stare; though whether what you do get is your idea of a club sandwich is something else again. A *Daily Mail* reader writes:

Meeting a little girl just after she had been to the cinema the other day, I asked her why she said *twenny* instead of *twenty*, and *wad-er* instead of *water*. The answer was, "'Cause Shirley Temple talks like that."

What will be the effect on the accents of our tiny school children who are so imitative I hesitate to think.

... Where is our English Shirley Temple?

The English Shirley Temple has appeared. So described, she came on the radio recently, under the auspices of the Rev. B. B. C., and sang *The Good Ship Lollipop* in a voice distinguishable from that of the American bratling only by the ineradicable Cockney vowels. I have not heard of her since, but I cherish a newspaper picture of her, riding on the tandem seat of her father's bicycle through a street of suburban villas all in a row, with front doors, front windows, and railed front gardens all alike.

II

Yet at this point I begin to doubt. How deep is our Americanization? How far has it gone in 400 years? It began, I suppose, with the introduction of the potato (1563) and tobacco (1565). The turkey and *spirochaeta pallida* came close behind and were followed, in the next century, by the bedbug, *cimex lectularius*. England, says the legend, was innocent of bugs until they were imported in American timber for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire. Even now they are less abundant here than in America. Housing authorities report that our

slum districts are infested with them; but so help me God, I can solemnly swear that in all my travels up and down the Kingdom, visiting boarding houses, small and large hotels, and theatrical diggings, I have never set eyes on a bug. The first I saw in my life was on my first day in an American boarding house.

In compensation, America is reasonably free from *pulex irritans*, the common flea, which may be picked up in any English taxicab, bus, or cinema, and so penetrates the most exclusive circles. You have dog fleas and sand fleas in America, but not *pulex irritans*. If there were any fleas on my beach they were not sand fleas, and in this respect my beach was unlike Coney.

In other respects, too, as I began to discover when I looked round. Portable radios were exhorting the populace to buy tea, soap, and face cream; but these programs in English were from Luxemburg and Radio-Paris, to which at least ninety per cent of English listeners tune in on a Sunday, the B. B. C. refusing to pollute the Sabbath air with anything more profane than harmonium music, and denying publicity to any but its own publications and its own friends. The Sunday papers strewn about the

beach had no color sections, no rotogravure, no funnies. All attempts to introduce such features to English journalism have flopped grievously. And I could have scoured this beach from end to end without finding a trace of a hot dog, a hamburger, or a dill pickle. Many entrepreneurs have come to grief in trying to make Britain hot-dog-minded. One attempt ended in a law court, where the judge asked, "What is a hot dog?" This resistance is surely not due to sniffishness on the part of the proletarian English, who eagerly devour such familiar offal as chitterlings, pigs' ears, and blood puddings, and support 30,000 fish-and-chip saloons. There were at least a dozen fried-fish shops on my beach, as well as innumerable stalls for the sale of whelks, cockles, and striped candy.

As I write there is a scheme afoot to dot the English countryside with hamburger stands of the American sort. Roadside refectation has hitherto been neglected by our invaders. The wayfarer has little choice between the lorrymen's shelters and the pretentious road-houses — between tinned salmon and cold mutton. When I think of the barbecue stands, and the dispensaries of frogs' legs, roast duck, and fried chicken by the Amer-

ican roadsides, I see how slow the Americanization of England is, and how little depth it has. I fear that the hamburger enterprise is doomed. It will be denounced as another dastardly Yankee assault on the beauty of the English landscape.

America already is blamed for everything in that line, and especially for the jerry-built villas that border the new arterial roads, and for the new suburbs, with bakelite shop-fronts, and for the lalique beauty parlors. Actually, nothing can be more English than the rows of brick boxes the Town Councils are building. We have built in this way for generations — long streets of houses every front door of which can be opened with one key. We had mass production before America invented the phrase.

On my last visit to New York I was alarmed to see how Flatbush and Queens had been largely overrun by rows of similar dwellings, English in all but the scarcity of chimney pots. I was almost as shocked as when I heard Americans asking for single and double whiskies, English style, in a land where, in better days, the bartender had pushed over the bottle and invited me to help myself. I have never heard an American complain of the Anglicization of

America, but certainly a good deal of it has been going on lately. American stage and screen voices in recent years have become so pansy that it is difficult to distinguish an English from an American actor. Further, the incidence of spats has become far greater in America than in England. Here only stockbrokers, Admiralty clerks, and antique toffs wear them, but in New York I have seen them on subway guards.

But after all, these Long Island suburbs I looked at were not quite English. They had shower baths and hardwood floors, and decent heat. There are probably not a score of centrally-heated dwelling houses in the English city of 100,000 people that I inhabit, and I do not know of one that is steam-heated. The reason is that the English dislike and fear comfort, regarding it as immoral. As soon as an Englishman is comfortable, a conviction of sin makes him itch. Stoves and furnaces here are advertised as "guaranteed to maintain a temperature of 60 degrees", which is eight or ten degrees below what everybody but an Englishman takes to be comfort level.

Sometimes it is suggested that the Americans are no happier for the efficiency of their plumbing. But surely people who can get out

of bed in the middle of the night and walk along warm corridors to the bathroom are by that much happier than people who lie in bed, watch their breath congeal in the air, and wonder whether pneumonia or bursting is the greater peril. And a nation which discovered how to dispense with the *vase de nuit* has done the race a service. In America it is nearly obsolete; in England it is still, with the bowl-and-pitcher set (here called ewer and basin) essential equipment of every bridal pair, and hardly one of these new suburban villas, despite chromium faucets and black-glass bathrooms, is without it.

Americanized my eye and Coney my foot! In the middle of that warm afternoon at the beach I could not have got a glass of beer, for the pubs were closed by law from 2 to 7. Water as a beverage being rare and unpopular in England, there were no bubble fountains within 3000 miles. Thirst drove me to a shack marked "Minerals", and I asked for ginger ale, adding hopefully, "Cold, please."

The girl took the bottle from a crate behind the counter. The drink was lukewarm.

"Have you no ice?" I asked.

"Certainly", she replied, and

pointed to a sign, "Ices". That was English for ice-cream. The usherettes in the cinemas cry "Ices!", and "Teas and ices may be obtained from the attendants" is thrown on the screen. Tea-cups on the floor and on laps increase the hazards of finding one's seat in the dark.

The domestic uses of ice are unknown to our teeming millions. True, nearly 150,000 electric refrigerators were sold in England last year, at nearly double the American prices, but already there are thousands on the second-hand market. A friend of mine who got rid of his, explained: "We really don't have the weather for it."

One of my first purchases on returning to England from America a few years ago was an ice-chest, but I soon had to dump it because of the difficulty of getting ice to fill it. The only local ice-merchants were the fishmongers, and when I asked mine for a daily supply he asked who was ill at my house. Next day a boy with a pushcart brought to my door an amorphous berg wrapped in sacking. He carried the mass in his arms and set it on my kitchen floor, where it gave off the odors of the deep. With a hammer I beat, hacked, and chipped it into handy shape and somehow got it into the ice-box. Next day the entire contents

of my larder tasted of fish. Thus I learned to do without ice. After all, my neighbors preferred their lettuce limp, their butter liquid, and their drinks warm, and contentedly took their cocktails at the temperature proper to claret, which is to say, the temperature of the room.

Nevertheless, ptomaine is exceedingly rare among us, possibly because constant exposure has made us immune. But bellyache plays hell with American visitors. Last time Mr. H. L. Mencken was here he told me between groans how he admired the fortitude of the English, who, with fog in their marrows, could down whole quarts of ptomaines and thrive on them.

"A land for heroes," he said.

Hence, no doubt, the Empire.

III

Elihu Burritt missed his guess. Nearly three-quarters of a century after he prophesied the complete conquest of England by America, the Old England still stands. Our Americanization is not even skin-deep. It is no deeper than the Hollywood masks on our mill-girls' faces, no thicker than chromium plate. In a cinema the other day two Hollywood lovers, in eve-

ning dress, were shown popping corn over an open fire.

"What are they cooking?" asked a girl behind me.

"Fish and chips," her escort replied promptly.

I tried *B'rer Rabbit* on a young Shirley Temple fan. She could not understand one word in five. I asked a local electrician if he would get me an automatic toaster, with a gadget to switch off the current and eject the toast. My purpose was to astound the neighbors. The electrician replied that he had never heard of such a contraption. There are 40,000,000 people here who have never tasted sweet corn, have never seen cider squeezed from the press, have never ridden

in a buggy, heard a whippoorwill, or pitched a horseshoe. There are 10,000,000 adults who ride bicycles, and God knows how many millions who play darts.

Americanization has not as yet scratched the surface of England. In all that matters — eating, drinking, shelter, and ways of living and working — the English are as they were. Put them all into Palm Beach suits, and nine out of ten will continue, so help me, to wear woollies down to their wrists and ankles. Bills on that English beach ballyhooed a nation-wide beauty contest for the discovery of Miss England. One of the prizes was a bicycle. Imagine that at Atlantic City!



EPITAPH FOR A CONSTANT LOVER

BY WITTER BYNNER

HE ENCOUNTERED new mistresses most of his life,
 Though — if better were lacking — he lay with his wife.
 Now he lies with his latest — from falling downstairs —
 Eternally constant, and nobody cares.

END OF AUGUST

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THROUGH the glass of the transparent afternoon
The apples of the orchard and the leaves
Look as if seen through lenses of crystal stone,
And sphere with vacancy the wheeling scene,
Enchanted by the sunlight. But when the breeze
Sounds his salpinx, and the semibreves
Of wind first dim, then brighten the lowering gold
Of the westering sun, which floods the empyrean,
Then all the orchard trees,
And maples roar, and the upturned leaves are pale
As ghosts from Erebus of delicate maids,
Unwedded youths, which left the cistern shades
For life, as these for Summer start to wail
Amid the sound of crickets manifold
Which chirp from hill to dale.

The forested hills are billows of verdant floss
Which bluer grow like thickening smoke.
But nearer trees are brighter green,
Like fountain-freshened moss,
Struck by the level splendor of the sun;
And these stand imaged and serene.
While by the stone wall rank burdock,
Late yarrow, goldenrod,
And buttercups with grasses overrun
Dream with the devil vine, and lean
To hear the wild bean shake its rattling pod.

There is no sound save trees that roar,
No sound but of a shell
From some long lonely shore.
There is no sound but crickets in the grass,
No sound but one's heartbeat, one's thought.
A presence is here behind this spell,
Which should emerge and break this magic glass,
And speak this mystery fraught
With watching eyes which say
That they look from a place aware
Of our desire, when we divine
The secret hidden in unsubstantial air;
And almost see it, almost touch it standing
Behind thin walls of sunlight crystalline.



STRIP-TEASE AS A NATIONAL ART

BY LAURENCE BELL

FROM its inception, *circa* 1880, as a rowdier segment of the family variety show (in turn the precursor of vaudeville), until the Autumn of 1936, the accumulated press cuttings pertaining to American burlesque would scarcely have wadded a shotgun. Although the burlesque show flourished in the mean streets of all less cathartic cities, as integral a unit in the Forgotten Man's sex education as were neighboring resorts catering less vicariously to the cosmic urge, most folk were virtually unaware of its existence. Few theaters devoted to burlesque advertised in the public prints, and what little free publicity the Art got issued mainly from police headquarters when performers were booked for offering obscenity in pantomime. The burlesque press agent's duties were simple: between rounds of exchanging passes for bill-posting space and keeping political clubs supplied with sexy photographs of the female cast, he could loll about backstage and ogle the charmers at close range; moreover, he could

pick up an occasional *douceur* by playing Cupid for the more bashful Johns, and if he was favorably endowed, even grab off a cutie for himself. If he had been asked by a city editor for photographs or press releases, he would have keeled over from shock; and if he had presumed to offer such material unsolicited, he would have been kicked downstairs.

It remained for burlesque's dubiously begotten offspring, the Terpsichorean novelty called the "strip-tease", to crystallize public attention. True enough, the Minsky Brothers, whose name is synonymous with burlesque — or burleycue — had begun the clamor back in 1915 that they were nurturing a native American art, but these claims had gone unheeded. Though they bolstered their allegations with a long list of celebrated comedians who were Minsky alumni, the public was disposed to blame this lowly beginning for the hammier characteristics of their Cantors and Brices and Lahrs. But when last October saw the glori-

fication of the ravishing Gypsy Rose Lee in the *Follies* that had been Ziegfeld's, burleycue and its press agents came into their eminence. There ensued one of the gaudiest campaigns in the history of ballyhoo, in which not only the vulgar tabloids engaged, but the respectable newspapers as well.

The most extraordinary capitulation among the latter group was that of the New York *World-Telegram*, a member of the morally impeccable Scripps-Howard chain. This great family journal printed an interview with a *stripeuse* whose chief claim to renown had been her complaint, in suing to divorce a Chicago prizefighter, that the slap-happy spouse ate *gefüllte* fish in bed. Accompanying this interview was a photograph of the herring-weary siren in a state of epidermal revealment, strangely inconsistent with that newspaper's subsidizing of such wholesome institutions as General Hugh Johnson, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and the Dionne quintuplets. Other journals were equally responsive and the publicity stunts grew more weird and transparent with each edition. The most banal offering of the Shuberts' press battery in Miss Lee's behalf was sure-fire. When the No. 1 Strip-Teaser was robbed in New York City of her star sapphires and

other gauds, an experience not uncommon among ladies of the stage, the press gave the story considerably more credence than did Lloyd's of London. Much more imaginative was a burlesque producer's announcement of a projected "undressing academy", described in the subtle prose of Walter Winchell as "a place where burlesque strip-teasers teach wives the right way to take off their clothes". The "right way", it was suggested, would stimulate *l'amour* in jaded husbands and make their blowsy *Fraus* as fetching as the Gypsy Rose. Though the unique enterprise was purely imaginary, most papers printed the announcement, and *Life*, the fabulous picture magazine, devoted two costly pages to sample lessons in aphrodisiacal disrobing, posed by the producer's star stripper.

By the time 1937 was upon us, burleycue had branched out into other fields of entertainment, and was well on its way to becoming what a sly British writer called "the great American institution". The famous Babbitt warren of Manhattan, Leon & Eddie's, promoted a contest to nominate a successor in the *Follies* to Gypsy Rose Lee, who had by this time been called to Hollywood. The same genius who conceived the undressing academy

announced a scheme to "take the strip-tease to Park Avenue", presenting the art in a high-toned night club with a stiff cover charge to keep out *profanum vulgus*. The two Minskys had previously bid for the white-tie trade by opening their sumptuous Temple of the Strip-Tease Art in Hollywood *première* style, with floodlights, autograph hounds, and all the other trappings. Though few of the upper crust attended, all Broadway was on hand, with enough gate-crashers to more than fill the so-called "Park Avenue" loges. The intelligentsia horned in on the spotlight, naturally, and Heywood Broun, e.e. cummings, and John Erskine, among others, came in for varying portions of reflected glory. Up at Harvard, one Professor Roback told his psychology class that witnessing a strip-tease performance was quintessential to being "truly cultured". On the opposite side of the fence, that bilious old Puritan of the Scripps-Howard staff, Westbrook Pegler, got off some of his best invective since St. Huey's martyrdom robbed him of a vulnerable target. Even chorus girls came in for attention. At least a dozen were discovered to be direct descendants of Presidents of the United States and Generals of both armies in the War of the Rebellion.

Nearly all, the interviews revealed, supported families and paid for opera lessons with the usufructs of their art, and acres of candid-camera shots proved them to be homey American girls who between rehearsals worked crossword puzzles, knitted, and read all the best-sellers. Repercussions of the press agents' heavy shell-ing were felt even in England, where an American strip-teaser created an international disturbance when the London music hall that had engaged her decided on reconsideration that the exhibit "might prove too great a shock for British audiences". A London *Daily Express* columnist rushed over here to cable back first-hand reports. "Though the girls are for moments nearly nude, after preliminary prancing and coyness," he wrote, "the whole effect is too obvious and calculating to corrupt any adult."

Britain's banning of the American strip-teaser may or may not have inspired the Minsky Brothers' now celebrated surprise performance before the House Immigration Committee, in session at Washington one day last March to hear testimony on the Dickstein Bill to restrict importation of foreign actors, opera singers, and others more or less legitimately en-

titled to call themselves artists. Shouting that they had developed burleycue from nothing but a riff-raff entertainment given over to such alien exhibits as the *cancan* and the hoochie-koochie (originating respectively in Havana and at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893), the incredible brothers gave a concerted reiteration of their artistic theories, and averred that *they* would not import a single foreign hussy to compete with American girls, "who are the best strip-tease dancers (*sic*) in the world". Correspondents grown allergic to the marathon farce now in its fifth year at the Nation's Capitol, roused themselves to a field day of humorous writing. Press associations carried the story in detail to every paper in the country; even the austere New York *Times* printed nearly a column of it, though it scorns burleycue's advertising along with that of cancer cures and *anthropologica curiosa*. The Strip-Tease had indeed, in the words of burleycue's authorized historian, the admiring Professor Bernard Sobel of the New York *Daily Mirror*, "entered Valhalla".

II

The foregoing indicates how Strip-Tease has become an Art on its

own, after a lifetime of being an evil necessity. It is therefore relevant to touch briefly on its highlights. Of obscure origin, it doubtless derives from the Dance of Seven Veils, which gave rank-and-file Americans a pleasurable shock when interpreted in a moving picture by the famous vampire, Theda Bara, about two decades ago. The first recorded exponent of the undressing dance, or "rhythmic disrobing", as the Minskys defined it for the startled congressional committee, was one "Curls" Mason, so-called because she wore her hair in the fashion of Mary Pickford, then in her heyday as America's Sweetheart. "Curls" became a practitioner of the strip-tease around 1921, at the Dawn of the Jazz Age. The specialty consisted more of teasing than stripping in those days, and was only a brief part of the show. The gawking customers caught a glimpse of underclothing, or perhaps a tantalizing inch or so of bare leg above the stockings, but no more, though they applauded with hands, feet, and lungs. This demonstrative appreciation, however, gradually began to pay dividends. The tease element diminished year by year; the stripping reached that state described by *Variety*, the Bible of show business, as "goona goona" so long ago as

1934 in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and similar Babylons, though godlier towns were not so fortunate until after the Minskys' pronunciamento had been heard officially by the federal government. At the height of the *furor stripendi*, according to *Variety's* figures, Hirst's Independent Circuit alone supplied strip-teasers to twenty American cities, including such citadels of virtue as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Toledo. In Detroit, where two years ago police seized copies of Walter B. Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty* as an obscene book, eight cabarets featured strip-tease acts which left nothing to the imagination of the most foggy-eyed patron. It was about this time that the theatrical trade paper, noting that "burlesque has reached the point where a single strip-tease would be regarded as short-changing", summed up the newly discovered Art with the following comment:

With stripping still the basis of all burlesque layouts, business was best where conditions and the attitude of the authorities permitted more stripping. Where there was no stripping there was no business, and usually no burlesque. . . . The strip was what the goofs came to see and the comedians again were walking stage waits.

Variety is tolerated by high-brows, of course, because of its

quaint idiom, but no attention was paid to its prurient carping. The theater managers of Gotham, accustomed to voluntarily toning down the dirt each Spring to minimize difficulties with the Commissioner of Licenses, were so taken in by the flattery of intellectuals that a City Hall order to purify burlesque found them defiant. As one impresario put it: "They let Sally Rand dance nekkid in a street carnival midway, so why can't the girls take 'em off in a the-ayter that pays taxes?"

When four strip-teasers came to trial for indecent exposure only three weeks before the expiration date of New York City's clean-up ultimatum, their manager jovially offered to permit the accused girls to demonstrate the artistry of their nakedness in the Court of Special Sessions. When came the fateful day of closure and no new city licenses were forthcoming, managers waggishly emptied their houses, with the dolorous strains of *Hearts and Flowers* issuing from the orchestra pits.

That the day of closing came on May First, when the Comrades annually strike off their chains, is perhaps ironical. For until her apotheosis, Gypsy Rose Lee was beyond dispute the Darling of Union Square and its spavined byways.

Her contour so enthralled the Red brethren that class-conscious cinema houses of the neighborhood were hard put to compete with the Irving Place burleycue where the Gypsy held forth, even with the added bait of Bank Nite. The proletariat, their pockets on fire with dole money, passed up those super-colossal melodramas of life in the Soviet Wonderland, and stormed the Temple of the Strip-Tease. There they not only basked in the glamorous one's radiated warmth, but bought countless pairs of two-bit opera glasses for closer inspection of her capitalistic charms. Thus we may possibly account for the strange inactivity of the American Civil Liberties Union when at last the Fusion reformers at City Hall stepped in and laid the strip-tease low.

Providing a fitting anti-climax to this *gauche* chain of events, the New York City houses were permitted to reopen by the middle of August, though forbidden under the new licensing code to use either of the magic words, "burlesque" or "Minsky", in their advertising, and with nudity confined to tableaux of posed half-nudes forbidden on pain of the rubber hose to twitch so much as an eyebrow. There was a substantial salvo of publicity for the sanctified old

harlot, with the deloused presentations receiving the official blessings of Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and of course, Mayor LaGuardia. Mr. Buck, himself an ex-song and dance man, issued a statement windy with optimism, predicting the imminent return of vaudeville; the Little Flower, his heart bleeding for the people whom he and his license commissioner had thrown out of work, assured the electorate that he had appointed a board to keep the producers in hand, and that "future performances will be on a high artistic plane". The harried managers gave out pre-opening hints of a lovely "surprise" that was in store for whilom patrons of the Strip-Tease Art, and the four houses that were ready to open did so to stand-up business — for one day. The customers had far more occasion to be outraged than surprised, for what they were offered were the corniest of vaudeville acts, greatly below the entertainment level of a traveling medicine show. At one house a former star strip-teaser, now chastely attired in a Tom Mix outfit, sang *I'm an Old Cowhand from the Rio Grande*; another, wearing an organdie evening gown, not too décolleté, es-

sayed cartwheels and high-kicks. Both were received in glum silence.

III

So much for burleycue's rise and decline. The turncoat press, forgetting its all-important part in impressing the strip-tease upon the national consciousness, has charged the parent institution with inviting the axe by its intrusion upon the respectable *mores*. Uplifters now proclaim that strip-tease is done forever, even in its traditional backstreet reservations. But this is mere wishful thinking, by people whose prophecies have always proved notoriously inaccurate. It must be borne in mind that the Forgotten Man waited an interminably long time for the strip-tease to reach its lubricous fulfillment. His patience can only be matched by that of the country bumpkin who went to see his first moving picture. At one point in the film a comely wench paused by a creek and began undressing preparatory to a cooling plunge; but just as she doffed the last wispy garment a passing freight train shut her from view. The farmhand sat through performance after performance, hopeful that sooner or later the train would run behind schedule. . . . The countryman is vastly

more insistent upon his rights than is his city brother. I recall, as an example, the time when a group of males in the small Southern village of my youth were lured into the tent of a hula dancer at a traveling carnival, paying a dollar a head in response to the barker's whispered enticement that the dancer would dispense with her skirt. When this divestiture revealed the jade still clad in ample velvet pantaloons, a peace officer in the chagrined audience drew his .44 and declared that unless the contract was carried out to its letter, he would chase the whole outfit from the town and, moreover, make the barker eat the dancer's grass skirt.

The less assertive city peasant is not apt to take such stern measures, but his resentment is nonetheless keen. For years he has suffered the same pointless blackouts, the faltering ensemble numbers, and the off-key caterwaulings of tenors trying to be baritones; he has responded liberally to the ungrammatical exhortations of *entracte* hawkers of cheap candy and bogus pornographic novelties, making not an outcry when he has been poisoned or bilked. The strip-tease was his approximation of the nude revues forbidden him by the excessive tariffs, and which, worse yet, are still running full blast. He is liable

to set up a terrific holler if he ever begins to suspect that the strip-tease was taken from him merely as a smoke-screen for a censorship bill aimed in actuality at the legitimate stage, the fate of which concerns him not at all. The god-fearing yokelry will be even more resentful if ever it is suggested to them that the New York City ban, with its concomitant closings in those Sodoms within hitch-hiking distance of their home acres, was a Reform Administration's offering to a church vote kept waiting nearly four years for the promised clean-up.

As I have tried to show, the strip-tease uproar echoed into the remotest back-country stretches, whetting the curiosity of innumerable gay dogs beyond their capacity for endurance. Though only a few of them have ever seen an attractive woman shuck her clothing, on stage or off, the vision has been conjured with adequacy. They have already begun to dream of the day when barnstorming burleycue troupes will hit the trails lately abandoned by traveling "reperto-ry"; when the boards once trod by erring daughters staggering back to the old homesteads through confetti snowstorms will creak beneath the cavortings of luscious trulls from the Eastern fleshpots,

who will peel down to store-bought chemises, or perhaps further. Denied fulfillment of this rapturous vision, the clods are not unlikely to rear up, and following the successful example of dole and bonus seekers, march on Washington.

To forestall this invasion, I propose that Burleycue, by proclamation of Dr. Roosevelt, be declared the official New Deal Art. Its fitness for this entitlement can hardly be challenged. As sorry a sight as the gutting of the American structure has been, the debacle has not been without its interludes of travesty. The New Deal's countless social workers and economists grow more comical with each blundering step toward Utopia, despite the damage they do to the material scene. Every day the country is treated to fresh travesties, and the people seem to enjoy them, or to view them with indifference, though the butts of these japings are the people themselves and the institutions and traditions they have always made such a great to-do about guarding and cherishing.

Burleycue is crude, it is vulgar, and it was hauled out of obscurity by the same ballyhoo tactics that gained the New Deal its stranglehold on the body politic. It thus has the soundest aesthetic sanc-

tions, and more, it casts a glimmer of hope into the pit of public indebtedness. Sally Rand, aided only by her fans and balloons and her lily-white skin, saved Chicago's "Century of Progress" from a thirty-eight-million-dollar nose-dive. The omnipotent New Deal, with the facilities already in hand, can nationalize burleycue overnight, with no more effort than in waving a wand. It is already in the show business, with hundreds of theaters, auditoriums, showboats, stadia, and tabernacles under lease throughout the land, and with hundreds of musicians, stagehands, and electricians on the Fed-

eral Theater Project's payrolls unable to earn their pay because of the inability of the Communist geniuses under Dr. Hallie Flanagan to write, produce, and act plays. Again, the stale and inferior grade of comedy, said to have cleared the way for the dominance of the strip-teaser, can quickly be rejuvenated by a quick canvass of those white marble piles that line Pennsylvania Avenue: innumerable natural comedians fill the cubicles therein, who, because of the tediousness of World-Saving, have never had a chance really to do their stuff. The idea would be a whooping success.



NEUROTIC

BY LOUISE McNEILL

WHILE she mixed her wine with bitters,
Felt her pulse and had the jitters,
Made the rounds from quack to priest,
Gulped sleeping tablets, nibbled yeast,
Bathed in antiseptic tears,
Breathed ether, yielded to the knife,
The dripping caustic of the years
Cured her of life.

AMERICA'S CRY-BABY ATHLETES

BY ELIOT SPALDING

THE athlete—particularly the American professional athlete—is indubitably one of fortune's darlings. Come boom or come depression, he always sits at the head of the table. Trailing clouds of glory, he moves through the workaday world like a comet. He dresses in Bond Street clothes, deals regularly with Wall Street brokers, and hurtles across the Continent in luxurious Pullmans. Glamor wraps him. The cheers of thousands are his daily food. Ether and earth are filled with his glory.

Externally, at least, he has all the trappings of greatness. Big and bronzed, he is poetry in motion, a sight for the yearning eyes of the frustrated multitudes who compose his clientele. Observe him warming up at the ball game or teeing off on the links—how smooth, how relaxed, how glowing with health and vigor! There he stands—the idol of young America! But in his title to heroism there is just one flaw: the American athlete, for all his bigness and all his bronze, is an incurable cry-baby at heart.

The truth seems to be that we have raised a crop of athletes who are more finicky about their persons than a covey of old maids. A right-fielder who bangs his toe against a hotel bathtub will not stir from his room until the club bone-specialist, the club psychiatrist, and Sad Sam, the locker-room rubber, have been called into consultation. The sprinter who gets left at the mark at the Labor Day picnic always avers that it was due to a pair of adenoids maladjusted since childhood. Our big-time athletes, it appears, have never graduated from the cradle roll. The bigger they are, the harder they bawl. They are absorbed in an almost constant contemplation of their minor aches and pains, and the howling they set up is prompted not so much by honest agony as by a childish desire to attract attention.

Amazingly enough, the more perfect a man is physically, the more time he spends in fretting over imaginary ills. Policemen, for example, are carefully picked for

their strength and physical fitness, yet any police reporter knows that the long arm of the law spends more time worrying about fallen arches, lumbago, arteriosclerosis, and incipient boils than it does about putting the finger on Butch McGonnigle who rubbed out eight taxpayers and eloped with the surplus of the First National Bank. And so it is with our athletes: "An old bone-bruise is bothering me" — "My wife's sister died last night" — "The change in drinking water gets me down" — "That hill-billy doc yanked the wrong molar" — "I get all weepy thinking about inflation" — "This new rubber's got a heavy hand" — "Them long hops on the Pullmans throw me off my feed" — "That beer sign in center field makes me dizzy up at the plate".

Once in a while an original note is sounded in these depositions, but on the whole they are monotonous and tedious in the extreme. In all fairness, haven't we had enough of the pitcher who can't pitch because someone stole his hot water bottle, the halfback who can't score because the sexton sneezed in his face at compulsory chapel, and the swimmer who sinks like lead because the cook left the soy beans out of his Sunday dinner? How different is all this from the grown-

up world of business where a man has to make good — or else. Salesman Jones who fell down on a big order because a mosquito gave him a bad hour in his bedroom the night before gets no vote of sympathy from the board of directors. Even in the quiet of the home circle, life is more real: Mrs. Mullins, the mother of ten, after sitting up half the night with Eddie's toothache, rises at dawn, keeps the stove hot with her cooking and baking, hustles the children to school, kicks the old man out to look for a job, plows through a gigantic washing, scrubs the kitchen floor, rolls out the ash barrels, upholsters an old divan, transplants three catalpa trees in the backyard, and then reads four chapters of *Gone With The Wind*. Who shows the greater courage, Mother Mullins or the sleek mercenary who pitches nine innings against the Tigers though suffering from a hangnail on the little finger of his left hand? And who gets the greater amount of sympathy and backslapping in the public prints?

The floorwalker who reports for work with a hangover, shaking fingers, and spots before his eyes, neither asks nor receives a sympathetic word. He adjusts his carnation, tilts back his incomparable nose, and walks smiling through a

day of barbs and nettles. Compare his quiet and unassuming courage with that of the heavyweight boxer — two hundred pounds of choicest bone and gristle — who sinks eagerly to rest in the second round, and screeches later that it was all due to a lack of Vitamin B in his bath salts. England can pick her men of blood and iron from the playing fields of Eton; we'll take ours from the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear at Macy's.

II

There was a time, we are told, when college football players rode the rods to the site of the Big Game, slept on cobblestones in the rear of the Livery Stable, breakfasted on hard cinders, lunched on straw, and then raged onto the gridiron with no coaches and no headguards, to play the opposition dizzy. Or if, as sometimes happened, the opposition was pretty hot stuff, then our heroes would wind up minus ears and noses, with skulls bashed-in, arteries spouting, and the score 57 to 7 against them. Nevertheless, they would prance from the field, scurry to the railroad yards, hop the first freight heading East, and joggle all the way home singing campus arias. Win, lose, or draw — it was all the same to them. No

newspaper bothered either to praise their courage or bemoan their fate. And the next Saturday afternoon would find the same eleven men dashing onto another gridiron with twice the rage and twice the will to win. There was an Era!

But the life of a college football player today is about as rugged as that of an incubator baby. His coach does all his thinking, his tutor does all his lessons, and the early-evening movies give him all his knowledge of life and love. Relays of managers and assistant managers draw his bath water, powder his back, and help him clasp his garters. He raises a peremptory forefinger and a flunky brings a dish of tea. In short, the life of Riley.

When a topflight eleven travels nowadays (and when does it ever stay home?) it travels in Pullmans, and the six greatest comedians of the American stage are always on board to keep the stars from brooding. Moreover, such a team is always three deep in every position so that no player need work more than a half-hour on a given Saturday afternoon, and even then, his duties are of the very lightest. Indeed, the game is so full of official whistle-stops, time-outs, and pauses for silent prayer that a player who wants to work up any kind of a

sweat has to wear two suits of balbriggan underwear and carry a hod of paving stones.

Since the modern gridiron uniform incorporates safety devices that would put an armadillo to shame, the chance of serious injury is remote. But suppose for the sake of argument that a star gets a cinder in his eye while going down under a kick-off. Whistles trill, the game stops, doctors and stretcher-bearers swarm onto the field, the spectators grow pale with apprehension, and within a few seconds the star is whisked away to the Downy Bed Hospital where five eye specialists are called into consultation. In fact, the college football player today lives one of the pleasantest and safest lives that man has ever known—but you would never guess it from reading the newspapers. Every football coach is an *ex officio* member of Crepe Hangers' Local No. 505, and persistently points with pride to the fact that his squad is weakened by croup and chickenpox, riddled by measles and mumps, prostrated with rickets and rheumatism, and decimated by examinations in Thermodynamics and the History of Buddhist Culture.

It is no wonder that players living in this atmosphere show a marked tendency to baby them-

selves, and are increasingly subject to fits of self-pity, foreboding, and hysterical alarm. Guards and tackles take elaborate precautions to keep out of drafts, and fullbacks always remember to wear their rubbers. Invisible bruises, imaginary sprains, and hypothetical twinges do their work so effectively that three or four times a year, most coaches are forced to call out the debating team in a desperate attempt to get a quorum. And the newspapers, knowing that American fandom likes nothing better than a good cry, hasten to spread the sad tidings.

There is, indeed, only one sport left where the old virtues of manliness and self-reliance hold sway, that is not dominated by the psychiatrist and the pill bottle, where the boys can dish it out or take it with equal gusto, whose practitioners are adults and not adolescents. That sport is professional hockey.

For the professional hockey player, the highest and most honorable seats in sports heaven are surely reserved. Whether he is bringing down his stick on an opponent's brain pan, or is having his own face scooped out by an enemy skate, is a matter of complete indifference to him. He hasn't cried since he was two years old, and even then you could have caught

his tears in a thimble. Scarred like a chopping block, he is continually being sawed and split by ardent foes. But he sweeps up the pieces, ties them together with adhesive tape and picture wire, throws a few spare parts into the wastebasket, swallows a shot of rot-gut whisky, and then hastens back to swap body-checks with Gargantuan wings and Brobdingnagian centers. Compared with his routine, polo is a bank clerk's holiday and boxing a Mexican siesta.

But rugged as he is, the professional hockey player is fighting a losing battle. The whole trend of

sports is in the other direction. Soon he, too, will become infected with the cry-baby virus and the demand will go up for softer ice, rubber skates, and the elimination of bodily contact. Already some defense men are beginning to wear helmets.

Call the American roll: baseball, football, track, basketball, boxing, wrestling, polo, tennis, golf, lacrosse, crew, etc.—all are going sissy in their own particular ways. You may not like it, but there is nothing you can do to stop it. Apparently, effeminate athletics are here to stay.



OLD MAN

BY ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE

WE were in a room:
 But when he talked
 The walls fell down,
 And gray shapes stalked.
 The clock's hands stopped,
 The moon stared down,
 Silvering locks
 Of his hoary crown.
 Space, spread out
 Like a rubber band,

Obed the pressure
 Of his hand.
 None remembers
 The tale he told:
 But they still can feel
 The wind blow cold
 On face and forehead;
 And they can hear
 The whispered cry
 Of a nameless fear.

FAT OF THE LAND

BY DELLA T. LUTES

THE Bancroft farm in the 'Seventies and the early 'Eighties, when the Middle West was enjoying what then was thought to be a fine prosperity, was one of the most affluent in all southern Michigan. Even in a community where the harvesting of grain and corn on most farms ran into thousands of bushels a year, the Bancroft acres yielded even more. Sturdy wagons went rumbling day after day along the dusty road to the nearest grain elevator; granaries and corncribs were spilling their treasures through crack and crevice until greedy fowls glutted themselves; in the golden weeks of September the noisy threshing machine flung straw to the stack, chaff to the wind, and emptied rivers of yellow grain into canvas bags. And the tales that women told of the quantities of food stowed away by husky, famished men were little less than comparable to the Gargantuan meals provided for the master of that magic castle whose only exit was a Beanstalk.

The Bancroft house was large

and rambling, with no pretense to architectural design. Just a two-story upright with a wing to the west and all kinds of additions at the back — kitchen, Summer kitchen, woodshed, tool house. There were two front doors, one opening into the sitting-room and the other into the dining room. Beyond the sitting-room was the parlor, and back of that a bedroom. Behind the dining room was the kitchen and a huge buttery. All the rooms were large, however, except the bedrooms upstairs, which were badly cut up, and only a half-story high. But there were a lot of them, as there needed to be to accommodate a huge and fluid family, considerable hired help, and innumerable guests.

The Bancroft home was a grand place to visit. There was always a houseful of people, and always some kind of meal in preparation. There were children of all ages. Most people had sizable families in those days, but the Bancrofts had not only their own generous number, but also several related families

within visiting distance, which made a day spent at their house an excitable occasion. "Noise" — healthy, hearty noise made by sturdy boots and husky voices — seemed little less euphonious than a choir of seraphim. Modern conditions have changed such attitude to a sick yearning for the quiet of those gently rolling years, but then the high sound of chorused tones, the whisper of many skirts, the shuffle of thick-soled shoes on scrubbed floors, was music to the ear.

The Bancroft farm almost surrounded one of the innumerable little lakes that pepper the landscape of Michigan. That was part of its charm. There was a short and lovely walk from the back of the house, through a fecund garden and along a path in the clover field, to the lake. Tied to a tamarack post in the lake's soft bed was an old flat-boat reeking with the odors of many a rendezvous with blue-gill, perch, bullhead, or speckled bass. Its slimy bulk rocked amongst water plantain, burr reeds, and pickerel weed, while further on at the right the water lilies lay, and on the left a gravelled sandy shore led to a grove of oak, hickory, and maple where picnics were often held.

Young couples wandered at dusk

or on moonlit nights through the scented fields, petticoats lifted against dew, clover ruthlessly trampled so that two could walk together with clasped hands, to shove the old boat out upon secret waters and drift, wordlessly perhaps, into a world of fireflies — and dreams. A simple, innocent world, gone as the Bancrofts are gone — the Bancrofts and the Bancroft house and all its homely comfort, its long wide table and the big crowded buttery that supplied it.

The garden that had to be traversed to get to the lake path was in itself a symbol of the spirit of that day. Farmers in general did not themselves pay a great deal of attention to gardens. They had all they could tend to with their mighty fields, their fine stock, the things that kept the farm going and brought in money. Gardens were left to the womenfolks and boys. Plowing the ground in Spring and getting it ready for sowing was one of the major chores attended to by the big boys, or maybe the hired man after supper. But as for puttering with cabbage and tomato plants, onion sets, rows of beets, parsnips, and things like that, menfolks could not be bothered.

Mr. Bancroft, however, had what might now be called a garden hobby. He loved to raise melons —

watermelons and mushmelons. And one reason he liked to raise them was so he would have plenty for the hordes of visitors, and to give away. The same way that my father raised strawberries—mulching and trimming and fertilizing and fussing—so he would have bigger ones than anyone else. No one ever departed from Bancroft's empty-handed. Great, dark-green, elliptical melons heavy with concentrated nectar, splitting to the touch of a knife, revealing a blaze of crimson pulp, crisp, sparkling with honeyed globs, and yet practically evanescent once subjected to the tongue. Mr. Bancroft could tell the exact stage of a watermelon's ripeness by tapping its shell, and the state of a mushmelon's ripeness by its odor.

The Bancrofts enjoyed certain luxuries that one did not always find in other farmhouses, such, for instance, as ice in Summer-time. They cut the ice from the lake and stored it in a low-roofed building sunk well into the ground. There was no reason why other farmers couldn't have ice, for it was free to all who would take the trouble to cut it, but many were either lacking in ambition, or the cold cellar or spring house seemed to be sufficient. Just the same, when the Bancroft girls

brought out lemonade with *ice* tinkling in the glasses, it was something to talk about. Moreover, the Bancrofts made ice-cream practically every Sunday, all Summer, a luxury in which most of us indulged but seldom.

The Bancrofts always had honey, too—plenty of it, but for the matter of that, so did many farmers. Raising bees was an almost effortless means of providing something good for the table, but I think many of them did not exercise a great deal of intelligence in doing so. They watched for the swarming season, had new hives ready, and generally managed to keep the swarms at home, but mostly they just let the bees run their own affairs and at the end of the season lifted off the top of the hive and took what honey they thought could be spared. Mr. Bancroft, however, studied his bees. He liked fussing with them, and he loved honey. That long deep shelf in the cellar which held the pans of broken combs was a sight to behold.

This shelf also held milk—large round pans of milk on which the cream rose thick and yellow as the milk “lobbered” beneath. I do not know how many cows were kept on the Bancroft farm, nor the breed, although I do remember a

day when the young son, Carl, led us all to the barn where in a special stall stood the new Alderney bull with glaring, arrogant eyes and a ring in his nose. But there was quite a herd of cattle winding down the lane at milking time, and there were always oceans of milk in the cellar. I have seen as many as eighteen barn cats gathered around a great pan of new milk, poured fresh from the pail. The cats kept the barn and granaries free from mice and were allowed to propagate until somebody happened to notice an over-population, and then they would begin to drown the kittens.

Skimming milk took a good share of a woman's time every morning, and carrying the sour milk upstairs was a job, but it was all in the day's work, as was the churning which followed. Hundreds of pounds of butter, fresh and sweet, found their way to the city market in crocks and pats and rolls, and gallons of buttermilk slaked the thirst of tired men and supplied an indispensable ingredient to johnnycake, and also helped to fatten the pork which would accompany it in Winter.

Apple orchards, peach, cherry, pear, and plum trees contributed to the stores which crowded the Bancroft cupboards and closets,

and shouldered each other along cellar shelves. Grapevines provided fruit for the thirsty tongue, jelly for the table. Fields of grain — wheat, rye, buckwheat, oats, barley, and corn — filled the bins and barrels and granaries. Poultry thrived very much as did the cats. Hens and turkeys stole their nests and eventually came forth from their seclusion proudly maternal, busily intent. Geese and ducks provided feathers for pillows and food for the table. The smell of fried chicken or chicken pie was indigestible to the Sabbath, and turkeys took part in many a celebration other than Thanksgiving.

Work? Yes. God knows there was work. Long, hot and heavy hours of work. And when you got through there was no movie to go to, no automobile to take a ride in, no radio to listen to. Just supper to eat — an hour or so in which to sit out of doors in Summer in quiet and peace, or, in Winter, to read or doze before a fire and then to bed.

In Summer the boys and hired men wrestled on the grass or threw horseshoes, or, on cloudy nights, fished, or took their girls out riding, or jumped. The big boys loved to jump — as if their legs had not already had enough to do. Standing jumps, pole jumps, even jumping

off the porch. And, of course, every boy by the time he was eighteen had his own horse — a colt that had been given him and which he had petted, loved, and broken to bit and harness. By the time he was eighteen, he had managed somehow to wangle a vehicle of sorts, if it was no more than a buckboard.

Yes, there was hard work, but I refute the argument that it was monotonous. Compare, for instance, the Spring or Fall plowing of a forty-acre lot with sitting or standing all day at a bench, drilling uniform holes in a piece of steel. How does a man ever more closely come to the pleasures Eden knew than when he treats his dusty throat to a drink of water fresh and cold from the springs which flow beneath his feet? Or when he sits down before a table laden with the fruits of his labor, the products of his own efforts? When he stands at dawn and watches the sun come over the horizon to bless acres of his own? Or when, his day done, he stretches upon his bed and closes his eyes in content upon an earth which is *his* earth, solid under his feet, holding him and his in friendly embrace, its treasures outstretched for him to take. He must work for them, indeed, but if he works he is sure to be recompensed, which is more than can be said of

the factory worker and many others in higher wage-brackets.

II

The Bancrofts are all gone from the farm. Fifty years have seen almost utter desolation and decay supplant the thriftily-groomed home which it took fifty years to build. I do not know just when the destructive serpent entered the garden, for I was too busy growing into maturity where a struggle for existence must supplant that security into which I had been born. But once begun, the end was not long in coming.

During a recent visit to Michigan, I went with friends who also had known and loved the Bancroft place to see it. I had been warned against disappointment, but nevertheless, the condition of this old farm home as it now stands shocked and hurt me.

It has passed long since from Bancroft hands. After Mr. Bancroft died, the children wanted the estate settled so they could use the money. Mrs. Bancroft and some of the younger children stayed on for a while but one after another they left for the city, and hired help could never give to production what had been given by those whose home it was. So Mrs. Ban-

croft sold the place and moved to town. After this its downfall was swift.

Sills had rotted; the roof sagged. The house had not been painted in all the passing years. The ice house had fallen in, and was half-hidden in weeds — thistle, burdock, rattle-snake weed, wild lettuce, the very scum of weeds. The orchard was a tangled welter of split trunks, fallen limbs, uncut grass, clinging vines. The barns were shattered, half-sunk in manure. The garden where melons had ripened in clean weedless sand was now a part of the meadow. The path to the lake is gone, and where the old boat had once scraped a gravelly shore, stand cabins, cottages, a hot-dog booth, a dance hall — in short, a Summer resort where comes restive youth, bored with the city's shattering noise, confusion, and unprofitable toil, sick in heart and mind from struggle with industrial gods, hoping to find some modicum of serene content that was once here for the taking.

I have recently been reading about the sit-down strikes, that impudent, lawless protest against the envied condition of a "ruling class" which cannot rule the happiness of its own souls. I wondered if some of the Bancroft grandchildren were amongst those strikers, futilely con-

tending for a few more dollars to spend on more gasoline, more movies, more radios, more funny papers, things that are supposed to "raise the standards of living". I wondered whether they were any better off than their fathers had been with *their* standards of living, which included a roof over their heads and solid ground under their feet. Standards which covered the best food in the world, and good clothes — not always stylish, perhaps, but honest, clean, durable. Standards founded upon faith in God — as exemplified by their trust in His beneficence, and visualized by their reverent attitude toward His Word, and their attendance upon His House.

Strikes, for all I know, may be the only way in which to settle the world's problem of getting a living, but I cannot make it seem so. The old Bancroft farm lies there basking idly in the Summer sun, stirring faintly in Spring rain, shivering in Winter's cold. To me it did not look quite dead, quite hopeless. Under its ragged, unkempt bosom, there seemed a heart still beating, a sad and lonely heart to be sure, yet ready, it appeared, to thrust up a shining head through the promising earth, crying: "Return! For here, as nowhere else, you can still live on the fat of the land."

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

BY AUGUST A. THOMEN

A practicing physician herewith debunks a number of myths concerning medicine and cures, which have for years been accepted as gospel truths by health experts in the home.

That cleaning one's teeth frequently, especially if a tooth paste or powder is used, will prevent the teeth from decaying.

Science does not know the cause of dental decay. It only knows that there are numerous causative factors which may be summarized as anatomic, chemical, endocrine, bacteriologic, and dietetic. Amidst the confusion which has arisen as a result of the many divergent notions, only one fact has been established: namely, that no tooth paste or powder can have any therapeutic action whatever. These preparations do not render the germ acids harmless, neither do they remove tartar or prevent decay; acid mouth is corrected but momentarily, and film is removed only to reform again in a few minutes; no paste can possibly whiten teeth in three days; the new "polishing agent" which is supposed to have been especially developed is

a chemical substance known to science for centuries and has been for many years a component of baking powders; pyorrhoëa cannot possibly be cured by any tooth paste, and no dentrifice can conquer bacterial mouth. Nevertheless, all persons should brush their teeth twice daily for the same reason that they wash their faces — to keep them visibly clean. Use a paste or powder, if you wish, but remember that its most important function is to make the task of brushing the teeth a little more pleasant.

That rubbing the body with medicinal preparations and adding certain powders to the bath are effective methods of weight reduction.

Practically all "obesity cures" — and there are many — are worthless. As an example of a fraudulent "cure" which is supposed to reduce fat when "rubbed into the skin

pores", we may cite a certain "world-famed treatment for obesity" (*sic*) which sold at \$20 a quart. When examined by government chemists, it was found to contain:

Powdered alum.....	One pound
Alcohol 50%.....	Ten ounces
Water, sufficient to make..	One quart

And as an example of the fake treatment of the bath-salts type, there is a certain "cure" recently advertised in druggists' windows. It consists of a slightly perfumed mixture of epsom salts and washing soda.

Persons with a modicum of intelligence should know that it is not possible for such preparations to be effective; that when the scale registers a loss of weight (usually slight) after a hot bath it is due to an abstraction of water from the tissues and to a temporary increase in metabolism; and that such loss of weight will occur whether bath salts are used or not.

That the normal blood pressure for any individual is 100 plus the age.

There is no such thing as a fixed normal blood pressure for any particular individual. Recordings show normal variations in groups of individuals who are quite healthy. These variations result from a wide range of factors, and depend on whether the person is

young or old, male or female, reserved or excitable, lazy or active, lean or fat, short or tall, dull-witted or mentally active. Moreover, such physiologic activities as exercise, eating, rest, etc., normally produce fluctuations in blood pressure even in the same person. For healthy individuals between the ages of twenty and thirty, the normal range is between 110 and 125; between thirty and forty years — 115 and 130; forty and fifty years — 120 and 135; fifty and sixty years — 120 and 140. Any pressure above 150 is abnormal.

That the wearing of eye-glasses causes one to "get used" to them, and hence their adoption should be delayed as long as possible.

The truth of the matter is that the present perfection of ophthalmology enables science to determine definitely when an individual needs visual improvement through glasses. If it be ascertained by expert examination that he does, it is folly to defer the matter for any reason, for glasses are worn for three primary purposes: (1) to prevent symptoms caused by eye strain, or to correct them if they have developed, (2) to prevent further impairment of vision, and (3) to increase one's efficiency. It is not a question whether the

wearer will "get used" to the glasses, but whether he needs them to improve vision.

That to swallow a tablet or capsule whole is a correct and satisfactory procedure.

A tablet should be pulverized or broken into small pieces, and then swallowed with at least a half-glass of water. In many cases the tablet can easily be chewed before being swallowed. With regard to capsules, they should be opened and the contents placed upon the tongue and then swallowed with a draught of water, the capsule being discarded. When a tablet or capsule is swallowed whole, it remains in one small area of the stomach where it gradually dissolves. Obviously, this means that at the point where it lies there is a concentrated solution of medicine. Such a concentration often proves irritating to the membrane of the stomach, resulting in nausea, heart-burn, etc.

That it is not healthful for one to sleep on his left side because such a position embarrasses the heart's action.

This misconception is evidently related to the fallacy concerning the position of the heart. In certain forms of heart disease, the left side

of the heart enlarges considerably because of the extra work it must perform. When the heart becomes so enlarged, a larger portion of the organ is found in the left side. But even in such instances, no harm can result from sleeping on the left side because of the satisfactory protection given by the chest wall, formed by ribs, muscle, etc.

That a person should not go in bathing while overheated.

In hot weather one often hears the advice, given at bathing beaches and swimming pools, concerning the wisdom of cooling off before entering the water. Some drownings are often explained on this basis. There is, however, no truth in the notion. It is quite safe to go in bathing when one is warm, and any unusual reaction is to be regarded as due to other causes. To bathe in cool water under such circumstances can produce only an exhilarating reaction.

That it is harmful to have flowers in the bedroom at night.

The fallacy is widely held that an injurious substance is exuded by plants and flowers during the night. There is no truth in the statement. Some persons think the alleged injuriousness is due to the fact that flowers exhale carbon di-

oxide and absorb oxygen, especially at night. Such individuals forget that that is just what the patient is doing, only many thousands of times more intensively.

That an electric fan cools the air of the room in which it is operating.

It does not. The simplest proof is that if one steps outside the area of the current caused by the fan, he will be quite as warm as if the fan were not in operation. A fan does, however, cool the skin of a person within its range, thereby producing a sense of definite comfort. This effect results from the increased evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body, and not from a lowering of room temperature.

That for a person to have "sugar in his blood" means that he is suffering from diabetes.

The fact is that everyone has sugar in his blood, for if not, he could not live. A healthy person has about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 grains in every $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of blood (80 to 120 milligrams per 100 c.c. blood). Since an adult possesses about five quarts of blood, this means that he has approximately a teaspoonful of sugar circulating throughout his body—a very small quantity indeed. If this quantity is reduced

to $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful or less, distressful symptoms appear, even in a healthy individual—hunger, weakness, nervousness, and convulsions; even coma and death, if the quantity be further reduced.

That a person can bring on appendicitis by swallowing the seeds of oranges, grapes, apples, etc.

Most persons who eat grapes swallow the seeds, and nearly everyone swallows other fruit seeds at one time or another. Yet appendicitis is not so common as these facts would seem to indicate. The truth of the matter is that the surgeon so rarely finds a seed in a diseased appendix that, when he does, it becomes a cause of comment. Furthermore, it is rarely possible to be certain that the seed was responsible for the inflammation. Appendicitis is actually caused by the organ becoming infected with pus-forming germs.

That it is quite sensible to expose children to the so-called children's diseases (measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, scarlet fever) on the assumption that they will get them anyway.

This common fallacy is to be emphatically condemned, for the following reasons: (1) A mild case may, and often does, give rise to a serious one. (2) It is not quite true

that all should have these ailments during some period of their existence. (3) The seriousness of these ailments is always greater, the younger the child; the fatality in young children is always greater than in older children and adults. (4) One attack does not necessarily afford protection from a second. (5) The liability to attack lessens with age.

That pain in the left chest is most likely caused by heart disease.

There are many causes for such pain other than heart disease — muscular spasms, rheumatic twinges, neuralgia, pleurisy, and aches associated with influenza and the common cold. Such pains are often acute in onset, stabbing in character, frequently variable in location, brief in duration, superficially located, and, most important, unrelated to effort. They are usually intensified by making pressure, shifting posture, reaching, or stretching. On the other hand, the pain which is associated with genuine heart disease is almost always precipitated by effort, physical or emotional. While it often strikes suddenly, it is not likely to be stabbing or piercing, but distinctly dull, deep-seated, and often vise-like, lasting for a variable time and diminishing gradually.

That tuberculosis is a highly infectious disease and very easily contracted by adults.

The best opinion on the subject is that adult tuberculosis occurs in persons who have been infected with the germ many years before the outbreak of the disease. It is due to a reinfection. The evidence thus far produced seems to indicate that the reinfection comes from within; that the germs which have remained dormant for many years have slowly or suddenly reawakened into activity (due to illness, disease, overstrain, injury, lowered vitality, etc.). The average consumptive is not a menace to adult society; he is only a menace to infants, and definitely less dangerous to children. To prevent infection, newborn infants must be rigidly excluded from all association with the consumptive, while children over 10 years of age and adults need no special measures, especially if they have been city-bred, for it is possible that they have been infected in childhood and thereby immunized against additional infection.

That chronic fatigue in apparently healthy persons is usually due to over-work.

This is an erroneous opinion, for the real reason in the majority of

cases is a chronic acidosis, ranging in degree from mildness to severity. In other words, the poisoning of the nerve tissues by impurities, chiefly of an acid character, present in the body fluids which bathe them. Another insidious form of chronic fatigue is due to under-functioning of the thyroid gland. This gland, situated in the front of the neck, manufactures a substance called thyroxin (rich in iodine) at the rate of about 1/100th grain per day, or about three grains a year, in the normal person. When an insufficient amount of thyroxin is produced, chronic fatigue is a common result.

That some individuals have had their hair suddenly turn gray from fear or fright.

Though there are numerous stories told of the sudden graying of hair from fright, none has ever been scientifically authenticated. In many instances, premature blanching is definitely hereditary, and often occurs in several members of the same family as early as the twentieth year. If one individual in such a family happened to experience fright at the time this process was about to begin, the above faulty conclusion might be drawn.

(To be continued)



LOST

BY HELENE MULLINS

THE NIGHT has come, and you are left with only
A memory of a blunder for all the years
Of reaching out and taking, for all your lonely
Struggle with men, you handling the sharpest spears.

You schemed and laughed, but life has played the jest.
You are like a man neither wise nor good nor clever
Who stands on an empty road with an empty breast,
Knowing that he has lost his way forever.

THE SNAKE

BY ALAN DEVOE

INSIDE his taut membranous envelope the infant snake threshed and wriggled. Some of the other thin sacs had already burst, and the dark cranny deep in the old stone wall was full of the faint rustling sibilance of ventral scales acrawl.

It was not an exceptional litter, either for largeness or smallness. There were twenty of them. Because they were garter snakes they had not matured slowly in glutinous leathery eggs—as king snakes and milk snakes do—but had sprung from the cold body of their mother full-formed and wrigglingly alive, encased only in thin mucid shrouds.

The snake flexed his body again now, like an imprisoned spring, and the birth-casing broke and collapsed. Slowly he protruded his head from it, reared a little, and swayed gently from side to side. In the blackness of the rock cranny there was a smell of roots and rain, and a thin pervasive fetidness, like musk.

Tentatively, slowly as a slug, the

snake glided forward. Small shreds of membrane still clung to his smooth cold skin. In the darkness other bodies—other loops and festoons of squirming muscle—rubbed against his own. Ahead he could discern a glimmering of light. He reached it presently, and it was daylight. His narrow head emerged from the stone wall an inch, two inches, and then was motionless. He extended his pink forked tongue, delicate as a moth's antenna.

That was the way the snake came into the world in the Spring.

In succeeding days and weeks he grew in size and in awareness of the texture and the problems of his universe. It was a universe which he was able to see only imperfectly, and from restricted and oblique angles, for his small dark eyeballs—fixed forever in a lidless stare—were incapable of more than the tiniest movements in their sockets. It was a universe, too, of unending silence, for, where another creature's ears would be, the snake had only an unbroken area of scaly

skin. To the snake, as he glided through the grass, the world presented itself as a soundless jungle, its periphery never more than a foot or two beyond his cold questing jaws.

Quite otherwise than through eyes and ears was the universe made apparent to the snake. To him, it was a region not of things heard and seen, but of pressures, stresses, and temperatures felt against his flesh, and of subtle vibrances detected by his extruded tongue and conveyed to the two pits, charged with nerve-ends, that lay in the anterior of the roof of his mouth. Through these agencies, and through the nostril holes on either side of his shiny scaled snout, he received his intimations of the nature of the world.

In the mornings, when the sun had risen above the high maples and the warmth of it had taken the night chill from the earth, the snake emerged from whatever crevice had sheltered him during the dark hours. He lay usually for a little time on the bare ground or on a stone, to receive its warmth into him and dispel the cold torpor that had pervaded his body while he had lain motionless in wide-eyed sleep. The morning sun, glistening on his sleek scales, heated his sluggish blood.

Presently, warmed, he would fare forth soundlessly through the grass in exploration. Now and again he would stop, raising his head a little above the forest of grass blades, his thin forked tongue flickering testingly, his pale belly pressed against the earth. The snake had no breast-bone. No quiver of the earth, no vibrance in it, was thus too delicate and fleeting for his nervous flesh to detect. Having no ears, he could still perceive the approach of even the gentlest and wariest of treads.

If, as he glided on his leisurely and objectless way, he met no adventure, the snake would customarily crawl after an hour or two into a little patch of shade. Under a cool green leaf of the great burdock that grew near the wall he would dispose his length in a loose loop, and having done this, would relapse into utter immobility. He would lie as unmoving as though asleep or dead.

Sometimes he would pass a whole day like this, or even many successive days; and then, sometimes he would not have long to wait. The end and aim of his vigil might come hopping as a toad, or crawling as an earthworm. If it were some such slow blundering creature as this, the snake generally raised his head quite slowly and

stared at the victim for a minute or two before he struck. Sometimes, in this ecstatic moment of contemplation, his head swayed very gently from side to side. It was not done to hypnotize, nor indeed for any conscious purpose, but only as a kind of involuntary preparation for the strike, as a runner may flex his taut leg-muscles while he crouches waiting on the starting line. Then the snake's head would flash forward—in a movement quick as the beat of a hummingbird's wing—and the keen recurved teeth would fasten on his meat.

The snake had two rows of small teeth, thin and sharp as needle points, in his lower jaw, and four rows in his upper. When he had caught a fat toad he ate it slowly, moving his two jaws alternately to pull the mass of pulpy flesh into his gullet. And, because the bones of his two jaws were separate, and the flesh of his head so rubbery-soft, he could spread his mouth mightily when he needed. It would take him, sometimes, a very long while to dine. He would lie still for hours, his jaws forced cavernously agape, engaged in slow rhythmical engulfment. Often the frog's head would already have been half digested by his strong gastric juice while its long green

legs, kicking and twitching in muscular after-action, still protruded from his pink-fleshed mouth.

II

In the snake's life there was little ecstasy and little torment, but now and again there came something to interrupt briefly the eventless torpor of his days. The Summer heat was such a thing. It beat against the rocks of the stone wall, and glared down on the bare dust, and it was an agony to the snake. His blood had no static independent temperature of its own, but was warmed or cooled at the dictate of the earth against which his flesh was forever pressed. Sometimes, in Summer noons, the snake felt an unendurable heat in him—a heat that penetrated even to his thin elongate lungs, choking his breath—and he would squirm and twist his way into the deepest interstices of the stone wall and lay his flesh against the damp interior rocks. He would venture forth again only in the early dawn, for the full sun meant death.

Sometimes, too, the snake grew uncomprehendingly aware of a dull insistent hungering inside him . . . a want which frog-blood did not fulfill . . . and he would glide in

search of a female and they would lie in a cold passionless embrace. There was, too, another periodic interregnum. It was heralded, in the snake's dim consciousness, by a kind of itching and tightening all over his body. It was a much graver irritation than the little itchings and stings caused by the mites that he habitually harbored under his scales, and that were forever burrowing and sucking there; this was a kind of constricting tautness, that made it hard for the snake to breathe or move. It would get worse and worse, and, as it progressed, there would come a curious dimming of his sight, as though a veil had descended over his lidless eyes.

When this happened, the snake crawled always to the sharp rough stones at the south end of the wall, and against one of these he would rub his scaly nose and lips. Presently his skin would split, and fray and loosen like a scurf. And then he would glide gently forward, with his body pressed against the stone, and his whole skin would peel off inside-out like a shed glove. When the dead membrane was sloughed away, his sight would be clear and bright again and his striated body would be smooth and glistening.

There came a morning when the

snake, emerging dully from his night's lethargy in a rock cranny, glided to the sunny stones—always revivifyingly warm on Summer mornings—and felt them cool against his belly. A chill came out of the earth, and the air against his extended tongue was a cold air. The snake was filled with a dim uneasiness, a vague pervasive discontent. He lay for an hour or two unmoving on the cold stones of the wall, feeling a numbness creep through his coiled length; then, heavy with sluggishness, he set forth through the grass. The grass was full of scents . . . smells of mice and slugs and bird-droppings . . . but the snake gave no heed to these. Slowly he crawled this way and that, searching. And, in a little while, he found the token which instinctively he had sought. It was a curious pungence in the grass, heavy and fetid, like musk.

The snake followed where the trail of this odor led, and it brought him by devious twistings to a far part of the stone wall where a rock had been forced out by some Winter's frost, leaving a fissure. The snake entered in, dragging his numbed body with an effort. The deep earth-chamber was dark, and the musky smell inside it was thick and heavy, and it was full of a rustling sibilance. The snake, in

the dank darkness, could discern a loose mass, seething and undulating and made of the intertwined bodies of other snakes. He crawled to it and inserted his own body among the other loops and coils, and became one with the mass. The dim urgencies in his body and brain waned and grew more dim, and an opaque unawareness descended upon his being. Winter had come.



CITY STREET

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

INTO the turmoil flooding the valley of stone,
 You have departed. Torrential faces are swirled
 Against the dusty air; and I stand alone,
 Breasting the rush of the unheeding world.

Out of the deeps they come, through the cold street,
 With no words for me, no friendly glance; they move
 Into their destinies with hurrying feet.
 I turn, bewildered by the fact they prove.

And you, given over to these, lost in the crowd?
 It cannot be! And yet the sickened mind
 Remembers misunderstanding, our heads bowed,
 The turning away, and doors closing behind.

I dare to wait, but you will not return
 From these swift waves that break along the street.
 Knowing that you are drowned forever, I yearn
 For your warmth again, your light, your glad heartbeat.

APRIL, LATE APRIL

A Story

BY THOMAS WOLFE

AUTUMN was kind to them, Winter was long to them—but April, late April, all the gold sang. . . .

Each day he heard her step upon the stairs at noon. By noon, by high, sane noon, with all its lights of health and joy, she was the one he loved, the mistress of his big disordered room, the bringer of marvelous food, the inspired cook, the one whose brisk small footsteps on the stairs outside his door could wake a leaping jubilation in his heart. Her face was like a light and like a music in the light of noon: it was jolly, small, and tender, as delicate as a plum, and as rosy as a flower. It was young and good and full of health and delight, its sweetness, strength, and noble beauty could not be equaled anywhere on earth. He kissed it a thousand times because it was so good, so wholesome, and so radiant in its loveliness.

Everything about her sang out with hope and morning joy and

the music of good life. Her little tender face was full of a thousand shifting plays of jolly humor, as swift and merry as a child's, and yet had in it always, like shadows in the sun, all of the profound and sorrowful depths of beauty. And her hands, which were so small, so certain, and so strong, could cook food so maddening that the table of an emperor would have been put to shame beside it, food such as no one else had read, heard, or dreamed about before.

Thus, when he heard her step upon his stairs at noon, her delicate knuckles briskly rapping at his door, she brought the greatest health and joy to him that he had ever known: she came in from the brutal stupefaction of the streets like a cry of triumph, like a shout of music in the blood, like the deathless birdsong in the first light of the morning. She was the bringer of hope, the bearer of princely food, the teller of good news. A hundred sights and magi-

cal colors which she had seen in the streets that morning, a dozen tales of life and work and business sprang from her merry lips with the eager insistence of a child, and as he heard her, as he looked at her, he saw and felt her freshness, youth, and loveliness anew.

She got into the conduits of his blood, she began to sing and pulse through the vast inertia of his flesh, still heavied with great clots of sleep, until he sprang up, seized, engulfed, and devoured her, and felt there was nothing on earth he could not do, nothing on earth he could not conquer. She gave a tongue to joy, a certainty to all the music of the Spring whose great pulsations trembled in the gold and sapphire singing of the air.

Everything — the stick-candy whippings of a flag, the shout of a child, the smell of old worn plankings in the sun, the heavy tarry exhalations of the Spring-warm streets, the thousand bobbing, weaving colors and the points of light upon the pavements, the smell of the markets, of fruits, flowers, vegetables, and loamy earth, and the heavy shattering *baugh* of a great ship as it left its wharf at noon on Saturday — was given intensity, structure, and the form of joy because of her.

She had never been as beautiful

as she was that Spring and sometimes it drove him almost mad to see her look so fresh and fair. Even before he heard her step upon the stair at noon he always knew that she was there. Sunken in sleep at twelve o'clock, drowned fathoms deep at noon in a strange wakeful sleep, his consciousness of her was so great that he knew instantly the moment when she had entered the house, whether he heard a sound or not.

She seemed to be charged with all the good and joyful living of the earth, and as she stood there in the high rare light of noon, her little face was as strange and delicate as a flower, as red and tender as a cherry. And in all that was at once both rich and delicate in her little bones, her trim rich figure, slim ankles, full swelling thighs, deep breast, and straight small shoulders, rose lips and flower face, and all the winking lights of her gold hair — she seemed as rare, as rich, as high and grand a woman as any one on earth could be. The first sight of her at noon always brought hope, confidence, belief, and sent through the huge inertia of his flesh, still drugged with the great anodyne of sleep, a tidal surge of invincible strength.

She would fling her arms around him and kiss him furiously, she

would throw herself down beside him on his cot and cunningly insinuate herself into his side, presenting her jolly glowing little face insatiably to be kissed, covered, plastered with a thousand kisses: she was as fresh as morning, as crisp as celery, as delicate and tender as a plum, her rare and tender succulence was so irresistible he felt he could devour her in an instant and entomb her in his flesh forever. And then, when he had embraced her to his will, she would rise and set briskly about the preparation of a meal for him.

There is no spectacle on earth more appealing than that of a beautiful woman in the act of cooking dinner for someone she loves. Thus, the sight of his mistress as, delicately flushed, she bent with the earnest devotion of religious ceremony above the food she was cooking for him, was enough to drive him mad with love and hunger.

In such a moment he could not restrain himself. He would get up and begin to pace the room in a wordless ecstasy. He would lather his face for shaving, shave one side of it, and then begin to walk up and down the room again, singing, making strange noises in his throat, staring vacantly out of the window at the tree, pulling books

from the shelves, reading a line or a page, sometimes reading her a passage from a poem as she cooked, and then forgetting the book, letting it fall upon the cot or on the floor, until the floor was covered with them. Then he would sit on the edge of the cot for minutes, staring vacantly ahead, holding one sock in his hand. Then he would spring up again and begin to pace the room, shouting and singing, with a convulsion of energy surging through his body that could find no utterance and that ended only in a wild goat-like cry of joy.

From time to time he would go to the door of the kitchen where she stood above the stove, and for a moment he would draw into his lungs the maddening fragrance of the food. Then he would fling about the room again, until he could control himself no longer. The sight of her tender face, earnestly bent and focused in its work of love, her sure and subtle movements, and her full lovely figure—together with the maddening fragrance of glorious food, evoked an emotion of tenderness and hunger in him which was unutterable.

He could not say what he wished to say, but he could restrain himself no longer. A wild cry would be torn from his throat

and he would leap upon her. He devoured her face with kisses, crushed her figure in his embrace, dragged her, shrieking protests, but yet delighted with his frenzy, across the room, and hurled her down upon the cot.

Or he would grip her tender thigh between his knees, hug her till she cried out for pain, sometimes he was so mad with joy that he gripped his paws around her slender arms, lifted his face crowing with exuberance, and shook her back and forth violently in the single music of a tongueless ecstasy.

II

Meanwhile the cat crept trembling at its merciless stride along the ridges of the backyard fence. The young leaves turned and rustled in light winds of April, and the sunlight came and went with all its sudden shifting hues into the pulsing heart of that enchanted green. The hoof and the wheel went by upon the street, as they had done forever, the man-swarm milled and threaded in the million-footed stupefaction of the streets, and the high, immortal sound of time, murmurous and everlasting, brooded forever in the upper air above the fabulous walls and towers of the city.

And, at such a time, as the exultancy of love and hunger surged up in them, these were the things they said, the words they spoke:

"Yes! He loves me now!" she cried out in a jolly voice. "He loves me when I cook for him!" she said. "I know! I know!" she went on, with a touch of knowing and cynical humor. "He loves me then, all right!"

"Why — you!" he would say convulsively, shaking her deliberately to and fro as if he could speak no more. "Why my . . . delicate . . . damned . . . darling," he continued, still slowly, but with a note of growing jubilation in his voice. "Why . . . my delicate little plum-skinned wench . . . Love you? . . . Why, damn you, my darling, I adore you! . . . I am so mad about you, my sweet, that I shall have you for my dinner," he said with a gloating softness, shaking her gently to and fro, with a tender savagery of hunger. "Why . . . you fragrant and juicy little hussy . . . let me kiss your rosy little face for you," he said, gripping her between his knees, and brooding prayerfully over her with a kind of exultant difficulty. "I will kiss you ten thousand times, my sweet girl," he now yelled triumphantly as he choked her in his rapture, "because you are the one who

cooks for me—oh! you damned . . . delectable . . . little . . . plum-skinned . . . trollop . . . of a cook!" he cried.

Then, for a moment he would step back, releasing her, and breathing slowly and heavily. Her delicate flushed face was lifted with the flowerful thirstiness of a child, eager and unquenchable. His eye fed for a moment on her slender succulence with a deliberate and almost material potency of vision, his lower lip bulged outward sensually, his face smoldered sullenly, and briefly and unknowingly he would lick his chops. A heavy surge of blood began to thud and pulse thickly along his veins, beating slow and heavy at his pulse and temples, making his thighs solid with a brutal potency, and impending warmly in his loins with a slow and sultry menace. It beat slowly down into his hands, curving the paws and filling his fingers with a heavy rending power.

Deliberately he would step forward again, gripping her tender thighs between his knees, impending over her like a cloud crested and gathered darkly with its laden storm. Then, tentatively, he would take her arm and pull it gently like a wing.

"Shall it be a wing," he would

say, a little hoarsely, "a tender wing done nicely with a little parsley and a butter sauce? Or shall it be the sweet meat of a haunch done to a juicy turn?"

"Und ganz im Butter gekocht," she cried, with a merry face.

"Ganz im besten Butter gekocht," he said. And suddenly he lifted his face, and wildly, with a beast-like cry past reason, crowed: "O yes! O yes indeed!"

"Or shall it be the lean meat of the rib?" he continued in a moment, "or the ripe melons that go ding-dong in April?" he cried, "or shall it be a delicate morsel now of woman's fingers?" he said with a rising jubilation in his heart, "a trifle of delicate knuckles tinged with paprika!" he cried and thrust them in his mouth, "or the juicy lip?" he said, and kissed her, "or belly, or back, or side, or throat—or her damned delicate apple-cheeks!" he yelled, and pressed her red face fiercely in his palms and fell ravenously upon her with a hundred savage kisses.

"Don't bite my face!" she screamed. "You don't know how it hurts! The last time it was all sore and bitten and full of marks!" she said resentfully.

"Why, damn you, my sweet," he cried, "I will leave my marks upon you so all of them will see

what I have done. Why, you lovely little trollop, I will bite your red-apple cheeks from hell to breakfast and feed upon your tender lips forever. I will eat you like honey, you sweet little hussy."

Then, they would draw apart once more, and for a moment she would look at him with a somewhat hurt and reproachful look, and then, shaking her head with a slight bitter smile, she said:

"God, but you're a wonder, you are! How have you the heart to call me names like that!"

"Because I love you so!" he yelled exultantly. "That's why! It's love, pure love, nothing on earth but love!" He would look at her a moment longer with a lustful hunger, and then seize her once again in his fierce grip. "Why, you delicate and delectable little wench!" he cried. "I will eat you, devour you, entomb you in me: I will make you a part of me and carry you with me wherever I go."

She cast her head up and back suddenly, her face glowed fiercely with a heated and almost swollen intensity, and like a person in a trance, she cried out strongly: "Yes! Yes!"

"I will get you inside of me—yes! here and now!—so that you will be mixed and mingled with my blood for ever."

"Yes!" she cried again, staring upward with a kind of focal savagery of feeling, "Yes! Yes!"

"And I will plaster your ripe cherry cheeks with ten thousand kisses," he said fiercely. "By God, I will!" and then he fell upon her once more.

Presently they drew apart again, both flushed and heated now, and breathing hard. In a moment she said in a soft and yet eager voice:

"Do you like my face?"

He tried to speak, but for a moment he could not. He turned away, flinging his arms up in a wild convulsive movement, and suddenly cried out extravagantly in a singing tone:

"I like her face, and I like her pace, and I like her grace!" And then, because he felt such hunger and such madness in him at the moment, he crowed jubilantly again: "O yes! O yes indeed!"

And she too, now as absurdly beyond reason as he was, would lift her glowing face, and say with a rich and earnest seriousness:

"And he likes my chase, and he likes my place, and he likes my base!"

Then separately, each of them would begin to dance about the room—he leaping and cavorting, flinging his head back in goat-like cries of joy, she more demurely,

singing, with hands spread wing-wise, and with the delicate wheelings and paces of a waltz.

Suddenly he would pause as the purport of her words came clearly to him for the first time. He would come back to her seriously, accusingly, but with laughter welling up in him and an inclination to convulsive lewdness at the corners of his mouth.

"Why, what is this? What did you say, girl? Like your base?" he would say sternly, but with a vulgar emphasis.

She grew serious for a moment, considering, then her face grew beet-red with a sudden wave of choking laughter:

"Yes!" she screamed. "O God! I didn't know how funny it would sound!" And then rich, yolk screams of laughter filled her throat, clouded her eyes with tears, and echoed about the high bare walls of the room.

"Why, this is shocking talk, my lass!" he would say in tones of chiding condemnation. "Why, woman, I am shocked at you." And then, with a sudden return to that separate jubilation in which their words, it seemed, were spoken not so much to each other as to all the elements of the universe, he would lift his head and sing madly out again: "I am as-

tounded and dumbfounded, and confounded at you, woman!"

"He is astonished and admonished and demolished and abolished!" she cried, as she lifted her red face earnestly to heaven.

"You missed that time, it doesn't rhyme!" he cried. "I'll rhyme you any word you like, my girl!" he now said, with a boastful confidence. "I am a poet, you must know it, give me a woid, I'll sing like a boid!" he said.

"Ceiling!" she cried instantly.

"The ceiling has no feeling," he replied at once. "Table?" he would then suggest.

"The table is unstable," she answered.

"Floors?"

"The floors have no doors," she cried triumphantly.

"The floors have cuspidors," he said. "Kitchen?"

"If you want your lunch I've got to pitch in," she said warningly.

"When you get in there, there'll be a —— in," he shouted with a roar of laughter. "That's what you should have said!"

Again her face would be touched with a reproachful bitterness. She looked at him accusingly for a moment and then said:

"How can you talk to me like that! How can you say such things to anyone who loves you as I do!"

"Oh—I mean that's where I want to see my witch in," he would amend, and putting his arms around her he would fall to kissing her again.

III

They were filled with folly, love, and jubilation, and they would not have cared how their words might sound to anyone on earth—how foolish, mad or sensual. They looted their lives out with an insatiate desire, they loved, embraced, and clung and questioned, imagined, answered, believed, denied, giving the full measure of their lives and then beginning all over with a quenchless thirst—but it was like a great fire burning all the time. They lived ten thousand hours together, and each hour was like the full course of a packed and crowded life. And always it was like hunger: it began like hunger, and it went on forever like a hunger that was never satisfied—he felt a literal, physical, and insatiate hunger that could have eaten her alive. When she was with him, he was mad because he could not have her and consume her utterly as he desired, and when she had left him, he would go mad with thinking of her.

She was central, like an inexor-

able presence, to every action, every feeling, every memory of his life. It was not that he thought directly of her at all times. It was not that he was unable for a moment to free his brain of an all-obsessing image on which the whole energy of his life was focused. No. Her conquest was ten thousand times more formidable than this. For, had she dwelt there in the courts of the heart only as some proud empress throned in the temporal images of the brain, she could perhaps have been expelled by some effort of the will, some savage act of violence and dismissal, some oblivion of debauch, or some deliberate scourging of the soul to hate. But she had entered in the porches of the blood, she had soaked through all the tissues of the flesh, she had permeated the convolutions of the brain until now she inhabited his flesh, his blood, his life like a subtle and powerful spirit that could never again be driven out any more than a man could drive out of him the blood of his mother, secrete unto himself the blood and tissue of his father's life.

Thus, whether he thought of her with deliberate consciousness or not, she was now present, with a damnable and inescapable necessity, in every act and moment of

his life. Nothing was his own any more, not even the faintest, farthest memories of his childhood. She inhabited his life relentlessly to its remotest sources, haunting his memory like a witness to every proud and secret thing that had been his own. She was founded in the center of his life now so that she could never for a second be forgotten, and as if she had dwelt there forever. She was mixed and mingled with his flesh, diffused through all the channels of his life, coming and going with every breath he took with respiring hues of brightness, beating and moving in every pulse.

And sometimes she was the subtle, potent bait of life, the fabled lure of proud evil cities, cunningly painted with the hues of innocence and morning, the evil snare that broke the backs of youth, and spread corruption in the hearts of living men, and took all of their visions and their strength in fee.

And sometimes she was like morning, joy and triumph, the lights of April, and the glorious and wholesome succulence of good food. Thus, as he stood there, he would smell suddenly and remember again the food which she was cooking in the kitchen and a wild and limitless gluttony, which

somehow identified her with the food she cooked, would well up in him. He would grip her savagely in a powerful vise of knees and hands, and cry out in a hoarse and passionate tone: "Food! Food! Food!"

Then he would loosen her from the vise-like grip: they would embrace more gently, she would kiss him and say in a tender and eager tone:

"Are you hungry, are you hungry, my dear?"

"Oh, if music be the food of love, play on Macduff, and damned be him that first cries hold, enough!"

"I'll feed you," she said eagerly. "I'll cook for you, I'll get the food for you, my dear."

"You are my food!" he cried, seizing her again. "You are meat, drink, butter, and bread and wine to me!" he said, with a feeling of hunger and madness rising up in him. "You are my cake, my caviar, you are my onion soup!"

"Shall I make you some onion soup?" she then said eagerly. "Is that what you would like?"

Again the glorious smell of the food would come to him, and he would say: "You are my Yankee pot roast, my broiled tenderloin, my delicate and succulent chop!" shaking her gently to and fro, and

covering her small glowing face with kisses.

"Shall I make you a Yankee pot roast? Would you like a chop? Shall I broil you a steak?" she said eagerly.

"Why you—you—you!" he cried, with a movement of convulsive difficulty. "You are my fresh fruit salad, you are my big yellow salad bowl, you are my crisp green leaves of lettuce, my great ripe pears and oranges, my celery, pineapple, cherries, apples, and the rich French dressing that goes with it."

"Shall I make you one?" she said.

"You are my dinner and my cook in one: you are my girl with the subtle soul and the magical hand, you are the one who feeds me, and now, my sweet pet, now, my delicate darling," he cried, seizing her and drawing her to him, "now my jolly and juicy wench, I am going to have my dinner."

"Yes!" the woman cried, lifting her glowing face and staring straight before her, in a tranced and focal cry of complete surrender, "Yes!"

"Are you my girl? Are you my tender, rich, and juicy girl?" he said.

"Yes," she said.

"Are you my delicate damned darling and my dear?"

"Yes," she said, "I am your darling and your dear!"

"Are you my duck?" he crowed with a fierce exultant joy. "Are you my darling and my duck?"

"Yes," she said, "I am your darling and your duck. I am the duck that loves you," she said.

"Is that my arm?"

"Yes," she said.

"Is that my haunch? Is that my velvet thigh? Are those my ribs? Is that my tender satin hide? Is that my neck? Is that my warm round throat, are these my delicate fingers and my apple-cheeks? Is that my red rose lip, and the sweet liquor of my juicy tongue?"

"Yes!" she said, "Yes! It is all yours!"

"Can I beat you, my duck?"

"Yes," she said.

"Can I eat you, my sweet pet? Can I broil you, roast you, stew you, have you with a little parsley and a golden butter sauce?"

"Yes," she said, "in any way you like!"

"Can I devour you? Can I feed my hunger on you? Can I entomb you in my flesh forever?"

And for a moment, a black convulsion of madness, shame, and death swept through his brain as he bent with ravening hunger over

her, and he cried out the burden of his hatred and despair:

"Can I feed, replenish, and fill with all the fountains of my life the unsated ocean of your hot desire? Oh, tell me, now! Can I wring from you as a reward for ruin and defeat the yolky cries of prayerful pleading, rich satiety? Can I depend upon you now to drive me mad with shame and horror and defeat, to feed the dead men with the life and passion of a living man? Will you stab me to the entrails of my life in the cruel green of Spring, lapse languorously with soft lying words of noble giving to the embraces of your lovers, betray me to my enemies in April, defeat me with the pride of scorn and the ruinous lusts of the old faithless race of man?"

"Oh, you are mad," she cried, "and your mind is black and twisted with its evil."

But instantly the wave of death and horror would pass out of him as quickly as it came, as if he had not heard her voice—and he would say again with swelling joy and certitude:

"Or can I feed my life on yours, rich flower, get all your life and richness into me, walk about with you inside me, breathe you into my lungs like harvest, absorb you, eat you, melt you, have you in my

brain, my heart, my pulse, my blood forever, to confound the enemy and to laugh at death, to love and comfort me, to strengthen me with certitude and wisdom, to make my life prevail, and to make me sound, strong, glorious, and triumphant with your love forever!"

"Yes!" the woman cried out strongly, with the final, fierce, and absolute surrender of her conquest. "Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Forever!"

And the cat crept trembling at its merciless stride along the ridges of the backyard fence. The young leaves turned and rustled in light winds of April, and the sunlight came and went with all its sudden, shifting hues into the pulsing heart of that enchanted green. The hoof and the wheel went by upon the street as they had done forever, the man-swarm milled and threaded in the million-footed stupefaction of the streets, and the high, immortal sounds of time, murmurous and everlasting, brooded forever in the upper air above the fabulous walls and towers of the city. And the woman looked at it again and put her hand upon her breast and cried "Forever!" And all as if it was just the same as it had always been, and both of them were certain it was true.

EDITORIAL

The American Plunderbund

AT THE present time the country is being treated to a most interesting and instructive sight, such as it seldom has the chance to see. A revolt lately broke out in the Democratic Party against its leader, which split the party wide open. For reasons which are too well known to need rehearsing here, Dr. Roosevelt has long been cordially detested by many influential members of his party, and his attitude on the Court issue gave them their long-sought chance to do him in the eye without too great danger to themselves. This achievement has passed into history, Dr. Roosevelt has taken his beating at the hands of the Senate, the Court issue has been relegated to the graveyard of defunct ambitions, and the incident is closed.

But what we are now interested in is the effort to clean up after the fracas and bring back the erring brethren into party harmony. What particularly interests us is the apparent ease with which this is being done. Mr. Garner has re-

turned to Washington, and is diligently spreading the word around that everybody ought to be reasonable. Herod and Pontius Pilate have shaken hands. Mr. Barkley and Mr. Pat Harrison have been photographed together in the act of giving the public the benefit of their friendly smiles. The newspapers, even the Opposition papers, are playing down Dr. Roosevelt's defeat in a curiously gentlemanly way, which is all to their credit, of course, although they sometimes seem to be overdoing the thing a little. The *New York Times* in particular doth protest too much; there is something distinctly Levantine in its effusiveness over Dr. Roosevelt's excellence as a man and a President. The Administration's propaganda-mill is working overtime on seductive yarns to the effect that the defeat was not actually so bad, that Dr. Roosevelt got about all he really expected, what with Mr. Justice Van Devanter's resignation and the Supreme Court's belated hospitality to the

New Deal. Every effort is being made to show that party regularity is once more quite what it used to be, and that all is merry and the goose hangs high.

It seems to us that the pleasures of this rather ostentatious love-feast must be enough to make the most incurious citizen wonder what the bond of interest which holds a political party together actually is. Just what is it that "party loyalty" depends on? It is hard to believe that the animosities against Dr. Roosevelt which flared up so violently only the other day have burned themselves out and evaporated in this short time. It is equally hard to believe that if the like chance occurs for them to flare up again over some other of Dr. Roosevelt's pet proposals, they will not do so. One can hardly take stock in any pretense that the place where Dr. Roosevelt sunk the axe into Mr. Harrison is already healed. In short, it is quite against reason to suppose that this display of love, harmony, and all-round goodwill is genuine. Without denying that it would be a good and joyful thing for these disaffected brethren to dwell together in unity once more, one cannot help thinking that there must be some pretty powerful force at work — some force of which we hear

nothing — to bring about so suddenly these elaborate outward manifestations of sentiments which cannot in any kind of reason be thought to exist.

There is such a force, and the moment it is named one perceives that it is the only force which can produce the remarkable effects we are now witnessing. It is the only force that can be relied on to make party loyalty practicable; that is to say, it is the only thing which can be relied on to make party loyalty supersede and nullify not only all personal disaffections and disagreements, but also all sense of personal dignity, integrity, and honor. Grover Cleveland named this force so correctly and so happily that it is hard to think he was not inspired when he did it. He called it *the cohesive power of public plunder*.

The moment it is understood that this *is* the one and only tie that binds a political party into solidarity, such performances as those we are now witnessing explain themselves fully. The trouble is that it is so little understood. Our public, misled by editors, publicists, and propagandists of one kind or another, still thinks that a party coalesces around theoretical issues and principles, and that devotion to those issues and princi-

ples is what holds the party together. Nothing like that is true; obviously not, for there has not been a vestige of an issue or principle exhibited by either of our two major parties for sixty years. What is a Democrat? What is a Republican? What is the theoretical issue which divides them at the present time? What are the theoretical principles around which these two parties are grouped, and by devotion to which they are held together in solidarity? Assuming that such principles be discoverable, in what essential respect do they differ?

If anyone can answer those questions, he is just the man this magazine would like to see. For our part, we cannot answer them, and our firm belief is that no one can. On the contrary, the whole history of the American party-system seems to us to show that there is no theoretical issue between the two parties, no theoretical principle at the root of either party's existence, and that the only force which holds either of them together is the cohesive power of public plunder.

If our readers have doubts about this, we suggest a simple experiment. Let them take any situation in the last sixty years of our political life—let them strike into that history anywhere they please—

and let them interpret that situation in accordance with any other theory of political action which they may choose to employ, no matter what. Then let them interpret the same situation in accordance with the theory which we have just proposed, and decide for themselves which theory best fits the facts. This test is a very easy one, and it seems fair, according to the old proverb that the proof of a pudding is in the eating.

We suggest that our readers apply this test to the present situation which involves the solidarity of Dr. Roosevelt's party. We think that in this display of solidarity they may find a good many amusing points of correspondence with the solidarity of the Barbary pirates. These enterprising brethren drove a roaring trade in the Mediterranean for a couple of centuries, going out of business only as late as 1830, when the French broke up their headquarters at Algiers. They had a loose and elastic organization made up of more or less incongruous elements, like Dr. Roosevelt's party, and while there was not a trace of principle anywhere about it, the cohesive power of maritime plunder held it together in a very satisfactory working agreement. Occasionally they gave the works to some over-ambitious chief, but

they did not let a little thing like that interfere with party solidarity. Unless he became utterly impossible, they let him keep his place and continued to use his talents and abilities for the good of the cause. In matters of ransom and the like, they usually kept to their agreements, as the best of our politicians do in similar circumstances. They had a political status, and one could make deals with them through the rulers of the Barbary States.

At one time or another these rulers levied regular payments of blackmail on practically every European government in return for immunity for its traders, precisely as our political parties-in-power levy taxes on our citizenry in return for the privilege of making a living, and then convert the tax-money to their own partisan purposes. As long as the demands for blackmail were not too exorbitant, it was thought cheaper to pay them than to raise a row, and the Barbary rulers seem to have been about as good at calculating what the traffic would bear as our politicians are. Two or three times the British and Dutch governments organized a sort of taxpayers' strike against the pirates, and sent out a fleet to hunt them down, but without much success, because the

pirates were slippery fellows and hard to find; it was like hunting rats.

The similar cohesion among our more modern pirates was frankly pointed out just the other day by the Hon. James A. Farley — who should know just about all there is to know about plunder. Jim was recalling the "bitterness of the fight" which preceded Dr. Roosevelt's first election. He continued:

It is typical of Democratic habit and procedure that the bitterness of that fight was forgotten when we went to the polls in November.

You may, perhaps, have noted the bitter character of some of the speeches made in a recent controversy. Do not take these too seriously.

So it is all very well to feel good over Dr. Roosevelt's defeat; he deserved it, asked for it, it was coming to him, and the natural sporting instinct of mankind is gratified by his having got it, and got it good and hard. But do not "take it too seriously". The important thing is to be aware that the political organization is as solidly unified for its one practical purpose as it was before, and that its one bond of union remains the same. It may, probably will, continue to be as indisposed as ever towards Dr. Roosevelt, and probably will let him down whenever it can safely do so, but the one sure thing is that

it will never under any circumstances do anything that will put an undue strain on the cohesive power of public plunder. In this connection, too, it must always be kept in mind that Dr. Roosevelt still has a billion and a half dollars of the taxpayers' money in his keeping, and that he can dispose of it virtually as he pleases; and the Administration's past performances with public money raise a very strong presumption that it will be devoted to the good of the party, first and last.

The prospects of the country for the next three years are serious enough to make the intelligent citizen pretty thoughtful. It is fairly obvious that a number of important salvaging-operations must be undertaken, and the question is, Who is going to direct them? The suggestion that Dr. Roosevelt's party can do it is ludicrous; if you need an architect, you don't call on a firm of house-wreckers to supply one. The suggestions that a "re-organized" Republican Party could or would do it is equally silly, for we all know well enough what such a party would be like, and what it would do. What the Republican Party does not know about the cohesive power of public plunder is not worth knowing; in fact, that seems to be about all it

ever did know. Yet as far as one can see now, if these salvaging-operations are not undertaken pretty promptly by somebody, or if they are botched, the chances are that we are in for a run of social and economic dislocations of the kind which invite a seizure of power by any adventurer who happens to be in a position to profit by them — and in such circumstances the worst of it is that you never know who that adventurer is going to be. What Frenchman in 1795 would have picked a disgraced Corsican artillery-officer as a winner, or in our day what Italian in 1918 would have picked a windy Socialist spellbinder?

Historical precedents, therefore, make it seem improbable that the forthcoming adventurer would be Dr. Roosevelt or Mr. Lewis or any other candidate who is now in sight. Who or what he would be, however, is not worth thinking about at the moment. The only thing that need concern us now is the certainty that he will turn up promptly on schedule when conditions are ripe for him to do so; and that a venal and rapacious party-in-power, held together and motivated solely by the cohesive power of public plunder, may be trusted to bring about those conditions as fast as can reasonably be expected.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

MODEST claim advanced for the Land of Sunshine by the erudite Los Angeles *Saturday Night*:

CALIFORNIA CORNERS TALENT

In these graduating days it is interesting to note that California is among the big five of the country in the greatest gain of leaders. New York is first; Washington second. We have drawn three-fourths of our eminent men from other places . . . a compliment to the Golden State. These are here by choice. The others couldn't help it; they were born here.

The Golden State is well on the way to be the Greece and Rome of the future.

THE cost of courtesy is interpreted by a progressive businessman of the Film Capital, according to the *Rocky Mountain Herald*:

Doffing the benny in Los Angeles' elevators costs the city's hostesses \$100,000 yearly as a chivalrous tribute to Milady, P. G. B. Morriss, manager of the Hotel Clark, told a group of Eastern railroad and travel representatives. Morriss based his figures on the milage turnings of the Clark's battery of passenger elevators. A six-months' survey, he said, showed that the Clark's lifts are compelled to

travel an average of 13,250 extra vertical feet per day because of the excess space occupied by hats worn over the chests of polite males in the presence of women passengers during peak-load periods.

SWAMI Baird T. Spalding continues his explorations of the occult in the stimulating pages of *Mind Magazine*:

As we were returning from an expedition in India we came upon a man planting an orange seed. In a few moments a sprout came out of the ground. A few minutes later an orange tree bearing fruit appeared before us. When four of our party stepped forth to pick the fruit, they found that there was no tree at all.

The next time we were ready again with our cameras. Accompanying the fakir was another man who appeared to advance with his body completely above the ground. This man came forward and put a seed into the ground. It grew into a tree before our eyes. We photographed the event. Real fruit was picked from the tree and the photographs showed the tree as we had seen it.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

DIGNIFIED legislative activity of a solon in the Lower House, as chronicled by the Associated Press:

A premature Fourth of July celebration — the explosion of a firecracker in the Democratic cloakroom just off the House chamber — burned Representative James P. McGranery, Democrat of Pennsylvania, on the hand today. A brilliant flash and loud explosion sent members running into the cloakroom. They reported that Mr. McGranery said the firecracker, which he was holding, went off accidentally.

A FAITHFUL New Deal servant, Representative Coffee, Democrat of Washington, settles an important governmental problem while speaking before a CIO organizational meeting in the Nation's Capital:

Let's cut out all this ridiculous economy.

KANSAS

OCCULT medical happening in the Farm Belt, as reported by the ever-truthful Associated Press:

A case of "mother-in-law" boils was reported today to the United States Public Health Service. Dr. Karl A. Menninger, of Topeka, said in a report to *The Health Officer*, publication of the service, that he had recently treated a young married woman who broke out with severe boils every time her mother-in-law came to see her. They disappeared immediately after she left, he added.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

PROGRESS of the literary renaissance in New England, as advertised in

the Swoppers' Column of *Yankee* magazine:

Two books, fine condition: *Woman, Her Sex and Love Life*, and *Birth Control*, by eminent physician, valuable to newlywed couple or ones about to be united. Will swop for ten hens of heavy breed or pigs.

NEW YORK

GENTLE hint is broadcast to the traveling-salesmen fraternity from the pages of *Public Relations* magazine:

All follow-up correspondence sent out by National Hotel Management Company hotels to couples registered as man and wife is never addressed to "Mr. and Mrs." Instead it is sent only to the man. The reason for this is obvious. Just one such letter sent to an erring husband would precipitate a considerable amount of domestic trouble into which the hotel might very well be drawn. How better can the application of public-relations counsel to advertising be expressed?

PENNSYLVANIA

THE editor of the Wilkesburg *Gazette* raises a still, small voice in the wilderness:

How many, of the almost forty thousand, congregated last Sunday afternoon at Forbes Field, and shouting the Pirates' winning baseball team to victory, voiced their praise of Almighty God, through corporate worship — before or after the game?

TENNESSEE

THE proper spirit of humiliation is displayed by a long-suffering taxpayer of Gallatin, according to the *Sumner County News*:

Mrs. Jennie Vinson wishes to thank the corporation officials for the construction of a drainage pipe and sewer in front of her property on North Water Street. She is very grateful for this act of kindness upon their part.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

FINAL perfection of the human being is accomplished in the Moravia-Ostrau region, according to the always accurate London *Observer*:

Two artisans, Franz Sykora, aged 21, and Rudolf Vitavsky, aged 35, have created a sensation because they are able to receive and transmit radio programs from places as far apart as London and Breslau through the medium of their own bodies without the aid of any radio set. . . .

At present the men perform their experiment in a cellar in their own home—twelve feet long and six feet wide. After twenty minutes of deep breathing with a severe contraction of the body muscles, there is first a trial with head receivers to see if the bodies are charged with enough electricity.

The men hold hands and also hold the loudspeakers. After a few minutes the spectators are astonished to hear the music of a radio program coming from the loudspeaker. When the men breathed more deeply the reception was stronger.

According to Franz Kittler, a local radio dealer, who discovered the men, they have been able to receive and transmit no fewer than ten stations, including Budapest, Paris, and London.

ENGLAND

THE London *Observer* takes note of a psychic phenomenon in the seaside village of Margate:

Margate Town Council has decided not to use "13" for the numbering of houses. It had already been noticed that ladies who use "13" bathing-machines seldom come out well in the photograph.

GERMANY

INDICATION of a coming boom in ersatz silk hats and rabbits, according to the United Press:

An edict from the national Chamber of Theaters today forbade stage magicians to use eggs, milk, or other eatables in their acts, asserting that such "waste" of food was not permissible under the Nazi four-year plan for economic self-sufficiency for Germany.



THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Autopsy on the New Deal

AT LAST, thank Heaven, there are pretty clear signs that Spring has come. It may be a false dawn, for I am writing this on the fifteenth of July, which is a little early, but the groundhog has certainly come out and looked around, and I should judge by the feel of the political weather that he has made up his mind to stay out. Congress has adjourned for a few days, out of respect to the late Senator Robinson. My guess is that when it re-convenes it will shelve the Court bill for good and all, pass a minimum of necessary measures, and then go home to mend its fences and sharpen its knives. Then if the boys get any kind of reasonable assurance that they can either beat the local machines or keep them with them, and that Mr. Farley will be unable to invade their districts and buy them out of their jobs, those knives are going to carve Mr. Roosevelt into cat's meat when the next session opens, six months hence.

You can hardly blame the boys for feeling as they do. For five years

they have been cowering under the bull-whip of a blockish and touchy Legree for whom they have not the slightest respect, and who they know would sell them down the river at any time they dared so much as say their souls were their own. Naturally they are tired of this, for there is a limit to what even the most timid and spiritless machine-slave can stand. The sudden blow-up in both houses of Congress is what future historians will probably call a "servile rebellion". It is no discredit to Senator McCarran, for instance, to suspect that his kick over the traces was due more to sheer rage than to principle, for you can hardly imagine any vertebrated animal who would not choose to peddle hot peanuts for the rest of his life rather than put up any longer with Mr. Roosevelt's insolent dragooning. A good soldier will take quite a bit of manhandling from a leader whom he can respect, even though he may not like him much, but taking it indefinitely from Mr. Roosevelt is something else again.

So I repeat that in my opinion there is going to be joy in the presence of the angels around the White House next January, which is emphatically to the good. Our apprehensive citizenry may be assured that when the Senate Judiciary Committee files the kind of report it filed on the Court bill, and when senators bust out against the Administration with language like Mr. McCarran's, Mr. Glass' or Mr. Wheeler's, and when congressmen turn loose a line of talk like Mr. Sumners', dictatorship is as yet a good long way off. Like Napoleon, as Artemus Ward said, Mr. Roosevelt tried to do too much, and did it; and in so doing he has ripped his party wide open from tail-hem to neckband. The Court issue gave the disaffected brethren their longed-for chance to pour forth a five years' accumulation of venomous bile in his direction, and they still have enough of it left in stock to keep the flow going for the rest of his term. Mr. Roosevelt is now at last left standing before the country, looking like himself. That is to say, he is left looking like a shallow person, unworthy of confidence, whose wrong-headed ambition has finally made him overshoot the mark and shoot his grandmother; and an unmanly person, moreover, who most con-

spicuously can't take it—a poor sport, who can only give it, never take it. He may still press the Court issue on the next session of Congress, perhaps may get consideration of it, perhaps even win it, though this seems most improbable. But he has maneuvered himself into a position where if he wins he is hopelessly discredited, and if he loses he is equally discredited; and this is precisely the position which his character and record entitle him to occupy, and which every American of sound mind and independent judgment must be delighted to see him occupy.

II

Therefore as things stand at present, it seems unlikely that we shall hear much more about the New Deal, and we can thankfully begin to speak of it in the past tense. The name has already taken on a back-number sound; it is no longer anything to conjure with, as it used to be in the spacious days of Brother Tugwell, the Economic Planners, and the Brain Trust. This being so, it would seem to be a pretty good time to hold a preliminary inquest on the New Deal, with a view to picking out the worst thing it has done, the thing that has been most

seriously injurious to the country at large.

To a great extent, naturally, this must be a matter of personal opinion, so when I put in my nomination it should be understood only as pointing to what I think is the worst thing it has done to me and to the few people with whose opinion I am personally acquainted. No doubt there are many who will not agree about this, and who think that other misfeasances of the New Deal are much worse. I freely admit that they have a great deal to say for their view of the matter, and that I am far from hoping or wishing to convert them to my view. What I am interested in is the inquest, not the findings. The reason why I write as I do is that I thought if I say frankly what I believe is the worst thing the New Deal has done to myself and my friends, it might stir up other people to join in the inquest and try to decide what is the worst thing it has done to them; and if a number of people did this, it would help establish a rational public opinion.

What their findings would be, I repeat, is not the important thing, and I would not argue about them. Mr. Lippmann, for example, as I observed last month, dreads the prospect that the New Deal will have brought all Liberal ideas and

movements into disrepute. I can understand how Mr. Lippmann would hold that view, and I am glad he saw fit to state it so frankly, even though I believe, quite on the contrary, that if the New Deal has done that, it has done no bad thing at all, but a very good and salutary thing. Again, some say that the worst thing the New Deal has done is to burden the country needlessly with a crushing weight of debt. Some, again, point to its monstrous concentration of authority at Washington. Others point to the inroads it has made on the citizen's rights and liberties by its creation of a huge, wasteful, and nagging bureaucracy. Others think it has hurt the country most by its wholesale corruption of the electorate; while others, finally, think the worst thing it has done is to inculcate the vicious doctrine that the State owes all its citizens a living, and thus to convert great masses of the population into loafers and sturdy beggars. All these are sound counts against the New Deal, and a choice for first place among them is, as I say, a matter of perfectly respectable opinion.

Bad as they are, however, there is one achievement of the New Deal that has been worse for me than any of them; and that is its suffocation of a decent humanita-

rian spirit, its drying-up of ordinarily decent humane impulses toward one's fellow-men. Since I began to notice this effect upon myself I have been inquiring around among acquaintances, and have found that to a greater or less degree, they too have felt it. One of them put it to me very well only the other day. He said: "The mere fact that I wouldn't any longer give a dime to a panhandler is nothing, or that I wouldn't give a thousand dollars to a soup-kitchen or an orphanage, if I had it. I am on perfectly good terms with myself about that, because the government has arbitrarily taken on the job and taxes me for it, and the government may jolly well swing it. What worries me is that I have no longer any proper feeling for anybody who is in any way out of luck, man, woman, or child, rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, drunk or sober. I used to have a very strong feeling for any kind of distress. When a poor chap touched me for a nickel, I really had sympathy for him. I was sincerely sorry for him and wanted to help him if I could, and really cared what became of him. Now I don't. I'm ashamed of it and try to talk myself into believing it isn't so, but the sober fact is that ever since Roosevelt confiscated a whole nation's

sentiment of decent altruism five years ago and put it in the service of his filthy little political purposes and ambitions, I simply don't care a good goddam what becomes of anybody."

Well, take it or leave it, there is my grievance against the New Deal. I say nothing for it, do not attempt to justify it, nor am I proud of it—quite the contrary. I am no more proud of being maimed than my friend was. No one would be proud of going about with one eye because some ambitious and conscienceless ass of a surgeon had experimented on the other one; nor would anyone be particularly pleased about it, either. But if the eye is out it is out, and that is that; there is no use pretending otherwise, and if you put in a glass eye for appearance's sake, there is no use trying to persuade yourself that you can see with it, because you can't. My complaint is that by hoodwinking man's noblest quality, the spirit of altruism, into the service of the most ignoble ends, the New Deal has caused the mere name of altruism to stink in the nostrils of good-hearted, well-disposed, and decent men, whose sympathies the world can ill afford to lose.

The thing is worth thinking about. We think a great deal about

the State's ever-increasing confiscations of money and power; why not think a little about its confiscations of sentiment? They seem to me the most damaging and degrading of all its confiscations, as well as the hardest to repair. If this view appears extravagant, consider the history of these confiscations for a moment. In every country the State has laid its defiling hand upon man's natural sentiment for his native surroundings, and debauched it into approval of the obscene enormities which go on under the name and sanction of patriotism. In every country the State has laid its hand upon man's religious aspirations and debased them to its own purposes. In every country the State has laid its hand on the natural sentiment for family and kinfolk, and perverted it; for example, does not Mussolini say that "Fascism takes man from his family at six and gives him back to it at sixty"? And now, in our own country, the State has touched and perverted the sentiment which moves us to believe with Dumas' hero that, "after all, man is man's brother".

I suggest that once in a while, as we look back on the New Deal, we take a little time off from considering its political, social, and fiscal

effects, and consider what it has done to us as human beings. Are we quite the same people we were before, or are we suffering the effects of a sort of moral gas-attack? Has the New Deal's rank betrayal of our better nature hardened us to human anxiety and distress? When we hear about the worries and persecutions of the Economic Royalists; or when Mr. Roosevelt tells us about the submerged third of our population and the sorrows of the proletariat; or when we hear that our hospitals and charities are fast going on the rocks; or that thousands of willing workmen are pitched out of their jobs as an incident of the struggle for power between John L. Lewis and William Green; does this kind of thing touch off a ready interest and sympathy as it did, say, six years ago, or in our inmost hearts do we no longer actually care a tinker's damn what becomes of any of these unfortunates, but only wish they would all go off somewhere together and get drowned? This candid examination of ourselves can do us no harm and may do us some good; and at all events it will put us in the way of making a more accurate estimate of the New Deal's moral quality than we have been able to make hitherto.

THE LIBRARY

*A Maverick on Parade*¹

By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

I REMEMBER a thing George Bridgeman said once, when I was young and studied under him at the Art Students' League of New York: it was in his life class, and he was criticizing a drawing with such vigor that the young lady who drew it burst into tears and retired to commit, she stated, suicide. He said that when you drew a picture, unless you followed the model with unusual care, you drew a self-portrait: if you were tall and thin, you drew tall, thin people; and so forth. Inescapably, he asserted, you delineated yourself, especially when you were faking. And I remember a portly Marine officer of one of our staff branches, who does me the compliment to look at the little sketches I make, saying that he wished I would draw some Marines with a little meat on their bones — not fellows with legs like kildees or sand-hill cranes. Reading *A Maverick American*, by the

Hon. Maury Maverick, member of Congress for the Twentieth Congressional District of Texas, this came into my mind. For it applies to all the arts, and most strikingly to this book.

The vital statistics of the Hon. Maury Maverick, as set forth in *Who's Who*, affirm that he was born in 1895 at San Antonio in Texas, studied at Virginia Military Institute and the University of Texas, was admitted to the Texas Bar in 1916; that he served in France with the Twenty-eighth Infantry, a regiment of the First Division, and a very famous formation indeed; that he returned to the pursuits of peace and interested himself in the lumber business and civic affairs; that an admiring citizenry rewarded him with the office of tax collector to Bexar County, 1929 and 1931; and thereafter with a seat in the Seventy-fourth Congress of the United States, representing the

¹ *A Maverick American*, by Maury Maverick. \$3.00. Covici-Friede.

Twentieth Texas District. It is further noted in *Who's Who* that the causes of conservation, slum clearance, the TVA, and mandatory neutrality legislation are important to him. Silver Star and Purple Heart decorations; Democrat; Episcopal. Aside from the information, the passage is significant, because subscribers to this invaluable work of reference have opportunity to assemble their own copy.

The Mavericks are a most distinguished Texas family, producing notable and able people in each generation. They are not of radical social tendency, whatever else you may say of them. The few I have known were National Guardsmen, sunburnt, quiet-spoken, courteous, and well accustomed to arms. San Antonio has been the seat of the clan. The Congressman came to the University after my time. I had the privilege of meeting him only once, when I was a casual at a very small and delightful Washington luncheon where all the other guests were notable, and graciously displayed their wares. The Honorable Maverick was conspicuous in the gathering. He is usually conspicuous, and doubtless likes to be. He is a stocky fellow, with a bristling head of hair, thick features, rest-

less protruding eyes, and a thick brazen voice; a voice both carrying and penetrating. In his carriage, and his gestures, and his statements, there is a kind of a thrust forward. More than most men he appears to have vitality and energy.

The Congress of the United States is noted for many things, but the embellishment of literature is not among those things. We are inclined to judge the honorable gentlemen harshly, to poke crude fun at them, along with execrations, and to credit them with being the malignant authors of all our misfortunes, both national and personal. This is wrong, if not wicked. We overlook a historic truth: that representative governments invariably procure for themselves the kind of representation they want; and that it serves them right. And another fact: the pursuit of public office is a career, just as medicine, letters, or general contracting. A congressman is not necessarily one whose mighty heart beats first and foremost for his fellow men: he is more likely to be a chap with a wife and children, who wants to get ahead in the world, and to that end makes the use he can of the talents God gave him. In a word, being a congressman is a career, just as much

as being a Labor leader. The incumbent has to produce; but so does a doctor or a mortician. He must peddle his goods and make them more attractive to the constituency than the other fellow's; and in the train of such activities I submit that congressmen have farthered projects vastly beneficial to their people. I am convinced that more of them than not would like to be benefactors. Now and then, a congressman finds within himself time and energy to strike outside his occupational pattern; even beyond the lush columns of the *Congressional Record*; and writes a book. Such an achievement calls for unusual daring; for the savage cry of the critic in the Old Testament still carries its drastic implication: O, that mine adversary had written a book!

The Hon. Maury Maverick has written a book. It is without form, but it is by no means void. The first chapter is conventional, in that it introduces the subject and the theme, and sets the pitch: it also extends graceful acknowledgment to numerous persons who have assisted in verifying references, assembling data, and examining sources. This, by the way, makes me a little envious. On one or two occasions I have been able to command the services

of a corporal of Marines, but mostly I have to do my own digging. That is the only conventional chapter in the book. The rest of it just goes along. Examine a few chapters.

The first is entitled: "Prejudices — North, South, East, and West"; subhead, "A Southern Congressman". The Congressman is a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, and it leads him to a discussion of sectionalism and lynch law: he discovers the first to be a widespread phenomenon, and is opposed to the latter: there will be no adequate control of lynching, he deduces, until an act is made to cover the whole field of civil liberties. He feels that it should be unconstitutional to lynch anybody, anywhere, for any offense whatsoever, and there will be many to agree with him. In the next chapter, "The Stork Tells a Story", he gets himself born, and the story the stork tells is nothing to what he tells himself as he proceeds. His father, on October 23, 1895, noted on the family birth sheet: No. 11. Maverick, Fontaine Maury, because his mother was a Maury of the great Virginia tribe, and the sometime Confederate officer, called the Pathfinder of the Seas, had his Annapolis appointment from the Congress-

man's grandfather, when that gentleman, before him, was a representative from Texas. Other Maverick kinsmen are mentioned: there is hardly a chapter in which they do not appear, excitingly; and although the writer feels strongly that ancestor worship is the bunk, as he would say, he traces out relationships to the sixth great-grandfather.

"His Catholic Majesty the King of Spain" leads off the fifth chapter, dealing with the Maverick family homestead. Those acres come, through only one intermediary, from Carlos the Fifth to the Mavericks; and on them stands the Congressman's home, which is a converted trolley car and sounds delightful. But at once you are forced from the enjoyment of his vine and fig tree to contemplation of the bitter aspect of rural life in America, here branded as planless, headless, and hopeless; and there is disturbing truth in what he says, as anybody who remembers rural America twenty years ago will agree. He sketches a remedy, and goes hastily into "Mayflower Descendants and the Silver King", which is a charming memoir of the San Antonio that was, in the innocent early Nineteen Hundreds; the squalid, sprawling, picturesque, and genial town of

the cattlemen's conventions and the hot tamale vendors. He tells the unforgettable story of Mayor Bryan Callahan's only defeat: the patriarchal Mayor, towards the close of a campaign he considered already won, indulged himself in a public attack upon the ship's company of the *Mayflower*, their descendants, and the things they stood for. Perhaps forty per cent of the voters of San Antonio in that year spoke no English, and few if any stemmed from Massachusetts Bay Colony, but Mayor Callahan was resoundingly defeated, and in his subsequent career he avoided the *Mayflower* as a subject for debate. Which story leads you to Texas oil and the Virginia Military Institute, and young Maury's early impressions of Washington and the State chambers which he was destined to ornament. He sought and had an introduction to old Senator Bob La Follette, whom he thought then the greatest man in the United States: it was 1912. Here he adds: "I thought so then and I think so now, except that I give George W. Norris place as the greatest living American. At the time I had not heard of Norris." But he had heard of Victor Berger.

Here the reader may anticipate

an orientation to follow: what actually follows is discussion of student politics and student whimsies on the campus of the University of Texas, and after that, Congressman Maverick explodes the accepted legend of the word Maverick, as it stands in the modern dictionary: his family, he asserts, were never cattle barons at all: they went into lumber. And a few pages later the reader is going into the famous Tobacco Case, when Patrick Henry, the Clergy, and the Crown fought it out at Hanover Courthouse in H. M. most loyal colony of Virginia: from it is pointed a sharp lesson to the present Supreme Court of the United States. Inconsequentially, you are then in the war, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, with a top dressing of draft camps and cruel officers. The Honorable Maverick, unlike Herr Bemelmans,¹ who is on current publishing lists, did not find the Army a mother, nor were his experiences exceptional, nor his reactions either. He is, however, strongly in favor of no more wars.

One of the charms of such a book is that you need not worry about the place you leave off: you can pick it up anywhere, just as

the Maverick scheme of things follows no known pattern. Several hundred pages further on—or several score—the writer is tax collector of Bexar County at \$12,500, which is wealth in Texas. The Hoover years were at their full flower, and cities like Dallas received as many as 2000 tramps a day in the local freight yards. San Antonio, where it rarely freezes, had probably more. The Tax Collector became interested in the moving populations—I suspect he likes people, both in the mass and in the individual—and went hobo, personally, to study conditions. You note this tendency through his memoir, and it is to his very great credit: he goes to see for himself. He sheltered in jungles on the banks of Buffalo Bayou outside the great and progressive city of Houston, and had a charity meal of the Sallies there which he couldn't hold down. He was battered over the head with religion in the Star of Hope Mission, where the price of a handout and a flop was to sit quietly and show Grace, and in troubled rest out beside the SP lines west of town he annoyed his comrades by talking in his sleep: his style is reminiscent of St. John on Patmos, but the boys didn't appreciate it. He fled in dismay from the fetors of

¹ *My War With the United States*, by Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: Viking Press.

the transient harbor in Hearn, and he went back to San Antonio and set up a receiving center for transients and presently a sort of model village. The Tax Collector's is a name of power in those parts, and the charitable bourgeois of San Antonio met his requisitions for building material and the like with high generosity. Numerous worthy bums, meritorious people out of luck, flocked to him; he bears witness to the purity of their motives. The colony was launched prosperously — this was before the days of Relief — and all went charmingly until its denizens began to get on their feet and to eradicate the wrinkles from their stomachs. He was telling them, meanwhile, that money was just a medium of exchange; in itself, nothing. When one made a little cash he turned it into the common fund. But presently the RFC came on the scene, and Relief reared its head. The men began to get work, and to make as much as thirty dollars a week. Immediately the Colony disintegrated. He tells the story in brazen detail, and it should be widely read. He concedes complete failure, but insists that he learned from his experiment many things about government and human nature. In this book, it is not made manifest just what he learned.

The function of my department is not, as I conceive it, to read books for people; but rather to direct attention to certain of them, and to invite reflection upon what they signify. *A Maverick American*, regarded as a literary form, is, let us say delicately, unusual. It is packed with genuine human experience, acquired with unflagging gusto, but that experience is neither indexed nor assorted, and you wonder to what extent it has been evaluated. In that it represents the experience, and the deductions therefrom, of the Honorable Maury Maverick, it deserves reflection.

The man who here displays himself is a fluent writer, and has the trick of turning a phrase and spinning forth a tale. I am impressed with his candor, and consistency will never trouble him, all the days of his life. His industry is undeniable: there is no sluggard in him. But he suffers from a lack of selectivity. It is one thing to assemble material: experience, and the deductions from experience, intelligently applied, are the sources of human thought. To draw wise and useful lessons from events and observations is something else again.

A congressman's orbit may touch the springs of vast events.

THE OPEN FORUM

WE CALLED THE JOHN L. LEWIS BLUFF

SIR: John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization has tackled some man-sized jobs in its brief career. "Bill Green tried for sixteen years to organize the motor industry, and John Lewis did it in six weeks," as a partisan put it. And he bluffed Myron C. Taylor into repudiating Big Steel's lifelong anti-union policy and signing on the dotted line. But Lewis and his CIO met an ignominious Waterloo this Summer when they tackled our small town, and this humiliating setback, scored without a single gunshot, punctured the myth that the CIO-New Deal entente was invincible. Monroe, Michigan, whose 18,110 people live mainly on the wages and dividends of locally-owned paperboard industries, called Lewis' bluff when he tried his game of starting a strike to make a union. What happened in Monroe is illuminating because here a skeptical small town with old-fashioned American spunk fought the CIO game and a New Deal Governor successfully, while that alliance was working to perfection in bigger communities.

When Lewis "pushed a button" and shut the Republic Steel Company's plant here, it took the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, with timely aid from pickets imported from Toledo, twenty-four hours to complete the shut-down; for, out of 1350 employees, 700 had joined a suddenly-rejuvenated shop union and demanded that the community protect their right to work. The strike was launched without the formality of a union vote. "I called the strike on my own authority," a Lewis commissar at Detroit admitted for quotation. "A vote isn't necessary." Monroe read that with its

tongue in its cheek; and smelled something even fishier the next night when it watched a gang of 200 men and women block the one road to the plant and keep the midnight shift from punching in by offering to toss the workers' cars in the handy River Raisin. So the CIO "strike" had a somewhat apocryphal aspect from the beginning.

Small towners are notably a gullible lot, and Monroe had heard somewhere of the Wagner Act providing ostensibly peaceful balloting to determine majority preference for a collective bargaining agent. The revived shop union, sensing public skepticism of SWOC claims of a plant majority, called that bluff by petitioning for a Wagner Act vote. The SWOC firmly refused; it would agree, it swaggered, only to a vote in all Republic plants at one time. And such are the machinations of Wagnerian legislative ingenuity that this demurrer tangled the election in Labor Board red tape.

The absurdity of a "strike" closing a plant where 700 workers out of 1350 joined an anti-CIO union to keep their jobs struck our Mayor, Dan Knaggs, with particular force. "All right," he said, "we'll see." And he called a straw vote open to all employees under conditions duplicating Wagner Act elections. Gleefully the company certified 1322 eligible workers, 886 of whom showed up at the City Hall and voted 836 to 50 to go back to work.

Mayor Knaggs took the result to Lansing. He had been preceded there by 200 shop unionites who told Governor Frank Murphy: "We want to go to work. Send in your troops to get the pickets off the road,

which they are holding in defiance of Michigan statute and in obvious breach of the peace, so no one gets hurt."

"I cannot say what you men want me to say," wept New Dealer Murphy. "This State cannot take sides in labor strife."

The shop-union boys pointed out that the only side they asked him to take was the side of enforcing the law on picketing, but the man who sent troops to Flint to shield General Motors sit-downers from eviction by the courts, spake not. Dan Knaggs got the same cold reception, Murphy remaining steadfastly "impartial" in the face of evidence that 836 out of 1322 workers had said phooey on the strike. Dan went home mad and called on the town's able-bodied war veterans to come to his office and be sworn in as emergency police. Two hundred responded, and marched next day to the picket line, ahead of a mile of workers' cars.

Governor Murphy then tried to make Knaggs back down, to get the company to postpone reopening, and finally telephoned the pickets. "You can't block the road," he told them. "Let the workers through and I'll get the Mayor to call off his citizen army." But the pickets replied, somewhat curtly, "Go to hell", brandished their clubs, and dared "Knaggs' Scabs" to come ahead. Tear gas and baseball bats convinced them of their error, however, and the plant reopened. Not a shot was fired.

That night the CIO pushed button No. Two. From Pontiac, sixty miles away, swarmed union men to re-establish the picket line and show Monroe it couldn't treat "peaceful" pickets that way. The first few cars were greeted by Monroe American Legion boys who had taken their ball bats home and come downtown with shotguns. Homer Martin, Lewis' auto union messiah, got to Pontiac about the same time the first pilgrims to Monroe returned, and together they discouraged the invasion.

The Rev. Homer then pushed button

No. Three. He called a "gigantic" union meeting in Monroe to protest against the brutal assault on peaceful pickets protecting their God-given right to strike. Monroe, a little jittery, stocked up with shotgun shells and Dan Knaggs cornered Murphy in Detroit. "Call out the militia to keep the CIO out of town or we'll barricade the streets and shoot anyone who tries to get in," he told the Governor.

The troops, the union, and Governor Murphy arrived in Monroe next day. Facing a battery of newsreel lenses, Murphy piped: "The troops are here in the public interest — and to protect the union's right of free speech and free assembly." Of Martin's 350,000 UAW host, 8000 brought picnic lunches and their kids to a park for the protest meeting, gnawed hard-boiled eggs, listened to the ball game on their car radios, and clapped when Van A. Bittner, Lewis' Chicago commissar, shouted: "There'll be no peace in Monroe till Republic Steel signs with the SWOC! The pickets will be back tomorrow, and we'll make decent citizens of those Monroe hoodlums!"

The pickets came back, all right, but in a chastened mood. Mayor Dan Knaggs was ready for them. "You can picket peacefully till you're blue in the face," he told them, and laid down rules for picketing, probably the first in the history of labor wars, to which the union meekly agreed: No more than twenty-five pickets at a time, all bona fide employees registered with the police, occupying a painted safety zone at the side of the road, with no weapons, women, or children, no stopping cars, no calling workers scabs.

It worked. The skeptical small town had called Lewis' bluff. Peace returned to sleepy Monroe. Five or six dejected pickets huddled under trees in the rain, four of the sixty-six who registered scratched their names off the list, packed their lunch pails, and joined the 1250 men drawing pay. Lewis had no more buttons to push, and the strike scene suddenly shifted to Johns-

town, Pennsylvania, where it took New Dealer Earle's hussars to close a mill after another CIO strike had failed, and to Youngstown, Ohio, where FDR himself had to tell the companies not to reopen, with men waiting outside the mill gates to get their jobs back.

KARL F. ZEISLER

*Monroe,
Michigan.*



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

SIR: Mr. Pharo's discussion of "Wet-Nurse Bureaucracy" is inspiration for a summary of the More Abundant Life as a modern Shakespeare might have put it, thus:

First, the infant wailing with his first breath for a Constitutional Amendment making him a ward of Congress.

Then the NYA youth pasting a leaf in the library book and orating profoundly about the New Economic and Social Order.

Then the CCC living the free life of the wild and competing with the country boys for the favors of the local girls.

Then the WPA leaning on a shovel or demanding higher wages and a shady place to sit.

Then the farmer resettled by the beneficence of Mrs. Roosevelt or living without labor, well rewarded for not raising crops.

Then the Politician, promising vast benefits and dashing hither and yon in a State car but carefully avoiding any useful work or the keeping of irksome agreements.

And last the Townsendite, tottering to the park to listen to windy discourse but hoping to the end he may gain riches and honor without labor or sacrifice.

J. F. BRUINS

*Boise,
Idaho.*



MORE AMENDMENTS

SIR: I submit herewith an amendment to Mr. Mencken's Constitution for the New

Deal. While this amendment may seem rather mild in comparison with the Wagner Labor Relations Act, it would seem possible that Dr. Roosevelt might muster sufficient strength among the more conservative New Dealers to insure its adoption.

AN AMENDMENT

1. To assure the laboring class of beneficent and fitting leadership a labor *Führer* shall be appointed by the party in power prior to each quadrennial Presidential election. Candidates for this office will submit bids to the Postmaster General prior to the opening of each campaign and the office shall be awarded to the highest bidder. No bids shall be entertained which are insufficient to cover the balance of the required campaign fund of the party in power over and above the amount already covered by PWA, WPA, TVA, AAA, and other federal patronage funds allocated to the direct purchase of votes, and in no case shall a bid be entertained for less than \$460,000.

2. The duties of the labor *Führer* shall be to deliver the labor vote for the President and to foment unrest and riot at such times as the President may deem it advisable to divert public attention from unpopular overt acts of his Administration. For the execution of his duties the *Führer* shall have full co-operation of all armed forces of the United States as are necessary to enable him to control, close, occupy, or destroy all privately-owned industrial properties; he shall have complete jurisdiction over the United States mails with the right to censor or prohibit communication which he may deem subversive to the interests of Labor; he shall have the full authority of the courts and executive departments to enable him to subpoena private records and summarily punish employers who refuse to sign agreements dictated by him, such agreements being subject to abrogation by him at will but legally and eternally binding upon employers; he shall enjoy complete immunity from all legal action either civil or criminal arising from acts of vio-

lence incited by him in promoting union organization.

3. In payment for his services the *Führer* shall be allowed to levy upon the wages of all employees in the United States at such times and in such amounts as he may deem desirable, such sums to be deducted by employers as directed and collected by agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. In the event of total wages of all Labor in the United States being insufficient in any one year to meet the demands of the *Führer*, the balance shall be paid him out of the Social Security reserve fund.

4. Nothing in this Amendment shall be construed as committing the President in any way either as regards action or expression of opinion.

EVERETT B. FRENCH

*Orange,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: An amendment:

The first President, who by virtue of his smile, Harvard accent, and talent for boondoggling, is re-elected by an overwhelming majority of those on Relief or acquiring a living from the Federal Treasury, shall with the rubber-stamp approval of the legislative branch and with due contempt from the judicial branch have himself declared: KING RULER of these United States of America, EMPEROR of all possessions and territories beyond the sea, CHIEF of all untamed aborigines, IMPERATOR of the Alaskan ice-box, KEEPER of his Treasury's buried gold supply, SULTAN of the Canal Zone, and DEFENDER of the nation's faith in any economic policy his Brain-Trusters choose to dream and prescribe. The proclamation shall be made in the Supreme Court chamber by the chairman of the President's political machine.

By virtue of this proclamation, the President's wife shall become Queen Consort. This shall entitle her to the use of the royal crest over any newspaper column that she writes, and an introduction by the blare

of the royal trumpets when she hires out to the radio. The King's offspring and their descendants shall be elevated to the rank of royal princes and princesses. They shall be put on the federal payroll and in the public limelight, thereby saving their father the trouble of making them secretaries to accomplish this end. The eldest living male descendant shall be the successor to the throne. He shall be known as the Prince of the District of Columbia and Duke of Hyde Park. Should he choose to marry below his rank, he shall resign all the royal rights and accept the Earldom of Greenwich Village in which to set the nation's love example.

All arrangements for this proclamation and subsequent coronation shall be made by the press agents of the President's able political machine. Funds for both shall be granted without discretion by Mr. Harry Hopkins and Mr. Harold Ickes, who shall be elevated to positions of honor in the Royal Court if the expenditures exceed the original budget.

ARNOLD G. HAGEDORN

*Rossie,
Iowa.*

SIR: In response to your editorial invitation for further suggestions *re* the newer and better Constitution for the United States, as originated by Mr. Mencken, I wish to submit the following and in explanation would say that testimony given at Washington indicates that when the question of what mail might go through to one of the steel plants near Warren, Ohio, came up, the postal officials there consulted with one Mike Yanik, a member of the CIO, who graciously permitted an exception to be made and allowed some medicine, I believe it was, to go through:

BILL OF RIGHTS

The United States postal service shall be maintained for the benefit of all citizens without fear or favor and with partiality towards none, providing, however, that

the mailing of postal matter in the vicinity of Warren, Ohio, shall be subject to the approval of Mike Yanik, acting on behalf of the CIO in that locality. The U. S. mail *must go through*—assuming he favors that course.

J. P. DERINGER

New York City.

SIR: Many, many thanks for your concise summary of the creed of the New Dealer in the article "A Constitution for the New Deal." Though I'm a \$20-a-week man in a factory laboratory near here, I've little sympathy for the average dope who is taken in by the CIO-Roosevelt-Democrat combine. Again many thanks for that article. It surely should help many to see where "their" President is leading them.

EARLE DILATUSH, JR.

*Yardville,
New Jersey.*



SEX REARS ITS UGLY HEAD

SIR: You keep wasting space on Sex articles. They are suitable for children. What place have they in a magazine for adults? Forget sex or the first thing you know THE MERCURY will go the way of the *Literary Digest*.

F. E. HAYNES

*Tenafly,
New Jersey.*

SIR: "The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence" in your July issue is a fine article and I hope you will find occasion to print more like it. Sex has been so long associated with shame and sin that the need for re-education is indeed great. That is why the presentation of so calm, intelligent, and sensible a view of the subject as that of Dr. Hirsch is very valuable.

VERAY BEBB

*Palos Park,
Illinois.*

SIR: The article by Dr. Hirsch on "The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence" represents a viewpoint that is unalterably false. The "classic" statement that "the widespread antagonism to the normal expression of sex urges, nurtured for generations in America, has given rise to more human misery and suffering, more mental aberration and self destruction, than all the evils of modern economics put together" is so far off line that I would like to put in my two-cents worth against this statement. In the first place, I can say that anyone today can look around him and see as in a laboratory the difference between those adolescents who have no "antagonism to the normal expression of sex urges" and those who still carry out the old tradition of chastity before marriage. My personal experience has been that the latter are the fit ones to carry on the torch of civilization and intellectualism in a progressive and sane world. I will admit that many neuroses and aberrations have been brought about by the conflict between the ascetic Christian ideal and sensualism, but those who have succumbed were the weaklings and the abnormally sensitive and their loss should not be unduly mourned in their elimination in the battle of life. I am an old-time Christian (young in age) who thinks it takes guts to live this life as it should be lived and that Dr. Hirsch's article is written either for the salving of those who have failed in their effort in the traditional ideal or to flatter the sophisticated moderns with the devil-may-care attitude who are whistling in the dark, not yet sure of themselves despite their showy bravado.

MORGAN CHANSLER

*Greenville,
Illinois.*

SIR: What a commotion the article "I Believe in the Double Standard" aroused—yet every one of the objectors avidly read that interesting confession. What if you lose a few subscriptions from the Southern and Western Bible Belt, you will gain hun-

dreds of new readers through more of such stories. The people enjoy and are edified by soul-revealing articles. Print more of them, and advertise in advance through the newspapers, and the stands will be sold out in a day. Your courage and enterprise in publishing the observations of the Double Standard wife is highly praiseworthy. Let American women realize that having congress is part of married life and let her do her part in making it interesting, then few men will philander. After all, the seeds for most divorces are planted in the bedroom, but that is never brought out in the evidence.

THEODORE STEVENS

Philadelphia.

SIR: How anyone could be so morally decrepit as to write "I Believe in the Double Standard", is beyond my power of comprehension. Of all the mistaken notions which that author managed to assimilate into one article, the worst was the picture of a man unable to control his impulses. Her husband is evidently unable to control himself well enough to keep from visiting houses of prostitution. Personally, I don't see how those moronic mouthings were put into such good English. How can anyone with such mistaken ideas about men know enough to write good English? That article was one of the most profound mixtures of unintelligence and the correct use of our language that I have ever seen.

What sort of a life will the child mentioned be led into by such a parent? It is horrible to contemplate. That woman typifies one of the greatest menaces to our modern civilization: ignorance, combined with the ability to tell other people things which she knows nothing of. Where would our country be today if it had been brought up with such a philosophy? It would be in the same position as Russia, Italy, and Germany. Women are considered good for nothing except men's pleasure.

If you wished to start a controversy by printing that article, you most assuredly

picked the correct subject. You picked the wrong angle, though. Why not an article by a wife who is worthy of the name? One who will tell of hers and her husband's struggle to lead the life God wants men to lead. . . . I'll tell you why not. It's because that wouldn't be falsely glamorous.

RODNEY LEWIS DUE

*Washington,
D. C.*

SIR: When I read "I Believe in the Double Standard" I wanted to reply to it because every human being likes to air his views on sex, but the lady who wrote it seemed too obvious. She had handled her problem and adjusted her personality to meet it intelligently. Being what she was, she made good sense, and I had no suggestions to offer. But with entrance of the Fond Foolish Female into THE OPEN FORUM I can resist no longer.

How can the FFF favor a double standard? Does she imagine that if she had been married to Bud, her charming, not-too-virile boy friend, things would have been different when her present lover came along? Wouldn't her "instinct" have demanded a liaison? Of course. She would still have "become his as naturally as a flower turns to the sun".

Let us come out for a single standard but one of more tolerance for both sexes. Are all the women who read your magazine undersexed? There are lots of red-blooded American women, not nymphomaniacs, and if one of them happens to be married to an undersexed male (and there are plenty of them) what do your readers expect her to do? What would the FFF have done?

It is interesting that in the issue which carried FFF's letter there is an article called "The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence", in which Dr. Hirsch says: "To outward appearances the female is more capable of suppressing sexual inclination, but the actual facts speak otherwise. The vast number of neurotics and psychotics among

women is evidence of unsuccessful repression." Should the normal women I refer to become "neurotic", masturbation won't solve the problem. Why not the time-honored roll in the hay? But let it be for both sexes. No double standard.

Pettigrew's letter is right. Monogamy is certainly the most desirable state. Unfortunately, we are apt to be mismated sexually. Then what? I agree there should be as much knowledge of one another before marriage as possible, but even that may leave much to learn.

I think it might simplify things if we could debunk marriage. Marry to beget and for that reason only. I know that being a legally kept woman (often marriage means nothing more) has long been considered an honorable way to earn a living, but is it? Some women prefer marriage because it seems more permanent and secure. Some men like it because they are tired of getting up at 3 A.M. and dressing to go home. I have never favored legal prostitution either. Marry to produce or don't marry—but don't criticize the sex life of others. Tolerance is what I want. A single standard based on tolerance.

If there were more tolerance, I could sign my name, but I am not enough of a puritan to enjoy martyrdom. Also it would not be fair to my family. I hope when my own children marry, they will be monogamous, for I believe the greatest happiness lies that way. To this end I trust neither my sons nor my daughters marry virgins or *as* virgins, and that hand in hand with experience they will bring to the marriage bed a knowledge that both sexes being human, the standard should be single but tolerant.

A MISTRESS, WIFE, AND MOTHER
New York City.

SIR: I have read "I Believe in the Double Standard". I have read the letter from A. Fond Foolish Female in the July OPEN FORUM. You are all wrong! Just about ten years ago I found myself in much the same position you describe. I was a married man

deeply in love with a "Miss Tomkins". Believe me when I say that she was a Miss Tomkins of whom any man would be proud. I lost my head and my heart. I gave up all claim to my own small son. I broke up a home of several years' standing, hoping to make "Miss Tomkins" my wife. I know that she loved me. I expected that she would marry me if I were free, even though she said that she could not. She was a strange "Miss Tomkins" who did not believe that permanent happiness is built upon the wreckage of another's world, even if that world happens not to be a happy world.

My wife? I think that she was no happier than I, although she had had a rather pleasant life as my wife. We lived separate lives, interfering as little as possible with each other's plans. We had nothing in common except our child. I know now that we had never really loved each other.

"Miss Tomkins" and I had many things in common. We both loved dogs and fine horses. My wife does not ride—and she would not allow a dog on the lawn. "Miss Tomkins" and I read and discussed the same books. My wife preferred the movies to reading. "Miss Tomkins" and I were both interested in flying. It grew into an idyllic existence—the sort of thing one dreams about. Finally, I awakened to the fact that an unconscious dream had become a reality. Two people in perfect companionship and understanding—sharing their tasks and simple pleasures. What a home we could make! I couldn't get it out of my mind. She was a very definite asset to my business also. After she came into my employ she spurred me to greater success than I had ever dreamed possible. Simply speaking, I was genuinely in love for the first time in my life and I was forty years old—a husband, and a father. I really loved my son, but somewhere along the way I forgot just how much I loved him. When "Miss Tomkins" found that I had made all arrangements whereby I would be free to marry her, she was overcome. She was not willing for me to give up my son whom I loved.

She wanted no role as a "Back Street Woman" — nor would I have given her that role. Neither would she take her place as my wife. You might believe that she did not love me enough. You are wrong. She loved me too much. A certain inherited sense of duty told her that it was not right to take another woman's husband — and she would not take me.

I was definitely the loser. She was young, talented, and could go about finding new interests. I was not so fortunate. I had given up half a loaf in the hope of gaining a whole. I lost both. I was lonely without my child, but more than anything else I needed "Miss Tomkins". I needed her every hour of my day. I needed her to tell me that I could make the speech at the Rotary Club and I needed her to tell me what to say in that speech. I needed to tell her that I was lonely — that I loved her — and that it was right for us to marry.

She did the only thing that she could do and stay true to her convictions. She took herself completely out of my life. She pleaded with me to send for my wife and boy — to try it all over again. Then she left.

After several months of despair I went to see my wife and we decided to try again to make a home for our son. At least, we have done that and he is a happy, normal youth. We have a respected place in our community. And I know that I am a better father, and a better and happier man for having known my particular "Miss Tomkins", even though I met her too late.

Sex relationship? My dear wives and "foolish females", you over-rate it! I grant you that it is important, but it is not the most important thing in marriage. I think that each of us has missed something very wonderful in our lives. You, who wrote "I Believe in the Double Standard", you have missed the best that marriage can give — that fine relationship between a man and wife that deepens with the years. And I don't believe you like your status quo. You simply accept it. And you, Fond Foolish Female — you have more than the writer

of the first article, but your position is precarious. You are too young to see the folly of your choice.

A WONDERING HUSBAND

SIR: The article appearing in the April issue of your admirable publication written by "A Wife" concerning the Double Standard was read by me with interest, as were the replies thereto printed in THE OPEN FORUM of the June number. The conclusion to be drawn from the sum total of these expressions of opinion seems to be that the feminine sex is up in arms against the author, while the males bask in the reflected glory into which they, in their blindness, believe it casts them. Such a decided split of opinion between the two sexes raises a twofold question: (1) Were there no men with backbone and guts enough to answer the challenge of that article? or (2) Did you choose not to publish such views, and why?

The sorrow, not anger, I felt upon reading that wife's characterization of one man as representative of all, and her condonation of it, is deepened by the replies of such ingrates as Gapelli and the Bachelor. I notice with regret that no person appended the signature "A Husband". Is there no man with the courage to answer this woman, if such she be? Is there not a member of that sex who rebels at the unfairness of the double standard, and her advocacy of it; who is roused to ire by the picture she paints of man? Can they not see themselves depicted as selfish, cowardly creatures, indulgent to the extreme, wholly lacking in emotional self-control, devoid of loyalty to the woman of their *own* choosing, and, worst of all, revealed as mere animals with a biological urge that must be satisfied at all cost? Such an attack, unfounded in its sweeping nature as I believe it to be, should be repulsed by those against whom it is aimed — males.

FRANCES FREEMAN JALET

(A 26-year-old wife and mother)
New York City.

OPEN FORUM PERSONALS

SIR: Just a comment on the letter of Edgar Halsted of Bonners Ferry, Idaho, appearing in THE OPEN FORUM of the June MERCURY.

Cannot you encourage or persuade Mr. Halsted to give us more of his thoughts. Strictly original, pungent, and mildly stinging, they are most refreshing alongside some of the FORUM communications, which seem to be written by stuffed-shirts, astrologers, Greek restaurant cooks, or just general nuisances.

HARRY E. RUTLEDGE

Richmond,
California.

SIR: I've been reading the letter in the July MERCURY from Robert Hamilton Hoover, and am so deeply stirred by it that I beg of you to rescue it from the fine print of the back pages, reproduce it, and broadcast it to the high schools and colleges of this country.

Youth calls to youth! While mature readers will approve all Mr. Varney's article, its approach, its logical sequence, and scholarly presentation, thousands of boys from sixteen to twenty would pass it by and pounce upon the passionate appeal from young Hoover. It is alive, vital, and should be given a hearing where it would do the most good: among the youth of this country. They have had an abominably hard and raw deal from their elders. Help them, I beg you.

ADELE N. BALLARD

Seattle,
Washington.

~
BUY A TICKET?

SIR: Anthony Turano's article, "Wanted: A National Lottery", in the July issue would have the amen from ninety per cent of the national commonwealth if they had the courage to speak out. I am an annual contributor to a bunch of probable crooks in which my neighbors and friends join me. Billions are being lost annually that

could be placed to the credit of the much-cried-about National Debt.

SAM SIBLEY

Natchitoches,
Louisiana.

~
BODY-SNATCHING

SIR: Your June issue is one of the most stimulating voices crying in a wilderness of New Deliria that one could ask for. The cause for this letter is the article by Dr. Gootnick. Interning, myself, at the present time, I can fully appreciate his observations. But I cannot agree with his point of view — the utterly impersonal and cold-blooded way in which he and his colleagues go about procuring autopsy permissions.

Dr. Gootnick is, by his own confession, no doctor of medicine, since he neglects entirely the *art* upon which the whole profession has endured in honor these many centuries. And subtly and probably unwittingly, he has helped to undermine that honor due, by and large, to this group of humanitarian individuals, one of the few groups, incidentally, whose individuality has not yet been annihilated by the State. They are trying determinedly to put the skids under it, however, and have us all, Dr. Gootnick included, directed by political appointees who would probably thumbs-down all autopsies because of the "desecration".

In this hospital, we attempt to arrive at a somewhat less remote relationship with the patient and his relatives. Ulcers, appetites, and convalescence can prove refractory to all treatment and keep one awake nights wondering why, when a tangle at home may be setting all your efforts at naught. Dr. Gootnick probably has never had the experience we have occasionally of little dry-eyed Yankee ladies who say: "Well, ye'd better examine his body, hadn't ye, and find out just what 'twas?"

Even with the more emotional races, you can get co-operation by treating them as intelligent beings (and meaning it!), ex-

plaining what you have found and pointing out what may be there and the value of finding it to them and you. It takes time, but it's ethical; and while you never hear a physician worth his salt refer to ethics, every self-respecting one has them burning steadily inside him somewhere.

The men here are pretty well agreed that friend Gootnick was getting anemic from selling so much of his blood for transfusions and decided that if he was going to keep in cigarettes, he'd have to try some other means. We hope you paid him well. Just reassure your readers, please, that there are still some youngers coming along who remember their Hippocratic oath.

MEDICO

*Lowell,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: In the daily routine of life it happens that the real villain of a given tragedy is never discovered. I am reminded of this truism in connection with the article on "The Art of Body Snatching" by Dr. Gootnick. That a conscientious doctor will even "molest" the dead in order to help the living is not a situation to be "viewed with alarm". On the contrary, it would be a good thing for the public if, in every instance, the exact cause of death could be determined by an official autopsy. In the meantime it is pertinent to observe that ostentatious opposition to post-mortem examinations is not an outstanding characteristic of a trustworthy physician.

NICHOLAS SCHILLING

*New Hampton,
Iowa.*

ABOUT LOAN SHARKS

SIR: In the article entitled "Crooks in the Legislature" by a State Senator, appears the following thought: "The chain stores, bitterly hated by independent merchants, who form a formidable lobby, have been milked for years in many States by threats of special taxes. So have the loan

companies, which charge an interest rate that on its face seems outrageous, although it is not in actuality." An article by our honest Senator clarifying that last phrase should be one of no little interest to MERCURY readers.

I, for one, anxiously look forward to learning how our public benefactors, erroneously called "loan sharks", have thronged to offer to their less fortunate brethren the advantages of their financial resources; how they have spent fabulous sums to bring before the public their budget plans — so easy to get, so hard to get rid of; how they have taught many a tearful wife, a jobless husband on one arm, a babe in the other, a lesson in practical economics. Why have these financial wizards appeared in droves all over the country? Why are they permitted to continue their parasitic lives, lives that depend on, and squeeze tremendous returns from, the gullible masses who have nothing to spare? Perhaps the interest rates are not outrageous, or perhaps the loan companies, too, bring their money bags to State Capitols. Which is it?

JAMES BIBRO

Pittsburgh.

CONCERNING HAY FEVER

SIR: May I thank you most cordially for publishing in your July number the very sensible article by August Thomen on hay fever? As one who possesses a fairly intimate and exact knowledge of it by a personal experience extending over thirty-five years, I feel that I am in a position to say something about it.

One very striking feature in the whole business is the indifferent attitude taken toward the malady by members of the medical profession. To most of them, so far as my experience goes, it seems to be a matter for jesting. Yet there have been occasions, especially in the decade of my life between my thirtieth and my fortieth year, when I suffered the acutest agony, amount-

ing at times to near-asphyxiation. It may be, as one member of the profession once jocosely remarked to me, that no one ever dies of hay fever; certainly there are times when anything would seem a happy relief. It is also absurd, as Dr. Thomen points out, to say that it connects itself with "nervous" people. I myself am a strong and healthy individual, now past my fifty-ninth birthday; I have played in almost all the games that the average college man on this continent participates in, and have engaged extensively in public life—all without any sense of "nerves". Yet, just as surely as the latter part of June arrives, the "hay fever" appears, with the net result of about three spoiled weeks. I am quite sure that it is a case of heredity with me: what Dr. Thomen calls a constitutional disease.

I used to be pretty seriously alarmed at the frantic onset of this plague when I was a younger man, knowing that whatever uninformed people might say, there was nothing trivial about it. By a very careful observation of my own case, I have learned how to handle it pretty well, and yet I am aware that suggestions I have passed on to other victims have not proved successful with them. This leaves me convinced that the malady is highly individualistic in its operation.

There are certain palliatives which I have found very useful, especially concentrated solution ("one-in-one") of potassium iodide for difficult breathing, and one or two alkaline preparations for local application in the eyes and nostrils, but they are strictly palliatives which just help you over the spell. One of the best things of which I have any knowledge is to take to the golf-course regularly day after day, oblivious of your score, and work the pest off.

I am afraid I have written at undue length, but I was very much moved by Dr. Thomen's article and by the frank way in which he "debunked" a number of the funny ideas prevalent on the subject of hay fever. And certainly if there are a million

and a quarter people who suffer from it in the United States, to which you might add probably another one hundred and twenty-five thousand for Canada, it is an ailment contributing so much to human misery that some of our numerous researchers might turn a little more of their attention to it. I shall be glad to put all my long personal experience at their disposal.

W. H. ALEXANDER

Dean, University of Alberta

*Edmonton,
Alberta, Canada.*



THE MIDDIES

SIR: As a graduate of the Naval Academy, I found Mr. Fletcher Pratt's "Portrait of the Naval Academy" in the July *MERCURY* very interesting and, for the most part, correct. There are, however, some minor errors. The statement that the midshipman "will be his own valet, launderer, bootblack, tailor", is right as regards valet and bootblack, wrong on the launderer and tailor. The academy operates a large laundry handling not only midshipmen's laundry, but also that of officers at the academy and Post Graduate School. Likewise, an academy tailor shop manages to clean and press one uniform a week for each midshipman.

Mr. Pratt states "the use of tobacco and alcohol" is forbidden. Smoking is allowed, but only in the sanctity of the midshipman's room, in "Smoke Hall", and in "Smoke Park". Smoking on the streets or academy grounds is forbidden, obviously to avoid the too frequently seen picture of the individual with a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth, that being considered "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman".

The midshipman's entire vacation is not spent on a battleship, as he is granted a month's leave in September, unless deprived of same for misconduct.

The statement, "quite popular for the young ensign to be married as soon as pos-

sible after graduation", is no longer true, as graduates are now required to wait two years after graduation before marrying. I believe that that was put into force with the class of 1932, and is undoubtedly a wise provision, as two years out of the academy frequently dim the glamor of academy romance, and certainly help to bolster the young officer's pocketbook, thus making him more "marriageable".

That "pressure for admission has forced Congress to provide five appointments per member" is the reason for increased appointments is open to question. The number has been changed from time to time, having been five up to the class of 1927, then reduced to three because of an over-supply of officers, what with disarmament, etc. It was again raised to five to care for additional personnel for new construction now projected, and for additional flying officers. I believe that the number of midshipmen at the academy is governed by fleet requirements, rather than "the rush of recruits".

Mr. Pratt seems to blame the present large number of retirements on the great number of junior flying officers alone. In view of the present system of selection for promotion to the rank of lieutenant instead of commander, as in the past, I doubt if any officer is passed over because of his aviation duty. If the aviator must be an officer to have the ship officer's point of view, the ship officer with the aviator's point of view is equally desirable.

As for those officers who are retired, few find "that most professions are closed" to them, as Mr. Pratt states. A glance at the *Navy Business Directory*, a directory of ex-officers of the Navy and Marine Corps, will show such varied professions as engineering, insurance, brokers, accountants, farmers, teachers, business executives, etc.

Among Mr. Pratt's criticisms, such as "cramming", he might have included the old question of civilian *vs.* officer instructors in such branches as higher mathematics, history, etc. While the officer is the natural instructor in such purely naval subjects as ordnance, navigation, seamanship, etc., he is not the perfect choice for higher mathematics. In fact, it is too much to expect the graduate of any engineering school to come back after several years of practical engineering and promptly become an instructor in higher mathematics. There is a vital difference in being able to apply mathematics, and being able to teach it. I remember only one officer instructor who could compare with civilian professors in such branches, and he was a specialist from the Construction Corps, having done graduate work at Annapolis and M.I.T. I believe this situation was made worse when, some three or four years ago, "economy" demanded that more officers replace civilian instructors.

D. W. FARNHAM

*Pasadena,
California.*

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IN A WORD

SIR: It was with interest that I read Karl W. Kamb's article "In Defense of Cows" — an interest not untinged with reminiscence. A good many years ago, my brother, then eight, also penned an article on cows: it was about fifty words long and set forth excellent reasons for their existence. But it was the chivalrous and definitive peroration that, for our family at least, gave his composition undying fame. It read: "Only Lady Cows Give Milk."

NINA M. STACK

*Newport,
Rhode Island.*





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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front adv't. section, p. vi)
shows considerable understanding of the violent and self-tortured Mr. Crane.

★★★ THE GREAT GOLDWYN, by Alva Johnston. \$1.50. *Random House*. Gay portrait of the incredible movie magnate, and not too long. The gags are quite good.

★★ CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS, by Agustín Velásquez Chávez. \$2.75. *Covici-Friede*. A handsome little volume: the reproductions are excellently rendered, and there are concise biographical notes and comments. It is a pity the pictures were not offered in color; for color might—and no doubt would—mitigate the uniform ugliness of Mexican draftsmanship.

★★ T. E. LAWRENCE, by His Friends. \$4.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Considered estimates of the late Aircraftman Shaw by many men and a few women who knew him. Not many persons could endure such analysis. But then, there are not many men like Colonel Lawrence, anywhere, any time. Even one seems to have been too much for England. Mr. George Bernard Shaw's contribution is that acid fellow at his best; but Mr. Ernest Barker's reminiscence—he tutored Lawrence in History at Oxford—is the most convincing of all.

HISTORY

★★★ A HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT, by Edward R. Lewis. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Careful analysis of the period 1867-1917, with attention to those political facts and myths which went into the making of a solidified Union. Students, politicians, constitutional experts, and plain voters will find valuable material here.

★★★ CABINET GOVERNMENT, by W. Ivor Jennings. \$5.50. *Macmillan*. How Great Britain is ruled, by whom, and for whom, with emphasis on democratic prerogatives. Recourse has been had to memoirs and letters in order to explain the func-

tions of a pliable government which retains no constitutional record of its modifications. An important and valuable volume.

★★★ THE DANGEROUS SEA, by George Slocombe. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. An excellent discussion, not too pro-English, of the Mediterranean's role in modern history. From her shores will come peace or war: Mr. Slocombe does not predict which. But much of his book concerns military and naval affairs.

POETRY

★★ ORNAMENT OF HONOR, by E. H. R. Altounyan. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Paean of praise in blank verse for a modern Lycidas. The poem is dedicated to T. E. Lawrence, and was inspired by the author's friendship with the famous Englishman.

★ THE MAID OF ORLEANS, by Kerr Rainsford. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. The story of Joan of Arc told in rhythmical, but hackneyed, verse.

FICTION

★★★★ AND SO — VICTORIA, by Vaughan Wilkins. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. In spite of its singularly unattractive title, a very entertaining story indeed. It is in the old romantic manner people appear to like nowadays, but not so inexorably long: 618 pages; and no novel should be longer. It is well written. It contains the basic ingredients—the Deity, the Nobility, and Gentry; original sin, young love with a song at its lips, and much scandal on the House of Windsor.

★★★ CHILDREN OF STRANGERS, by Lyle Saxon. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A tenuous, sensitive story, a sort of negro spiritual, dealing with plantation people in the Delta country. Mr. Lyle Saxon knows that country and those people, and his work is beautiful. The scriptural question recurs as you read: Who sinned, this man or his father.

THE CHECK LIST

★★★ THE STRANGER PRINCE, by Margaret Irwin. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. If the public can swallow another historical romance, it will find amiable reading in this tale of Rupert the Devil in the England of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads.

★★ PERILOUS SANCTUARY, by D. J. Hall. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A high-pitched story of a fugitive from justice among the Penitente Brotherhood of New Mexico. The flagellants and the pace of the story are continually whipped up into a monotony of blood and terror.

★ NIGHT BETWEEN THE RIVERS, by R. L. Duffus. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Lush imagery, on the matter of what might happen in New York City, come the Revolution. Mr. Duffus is a better reporter than a romancer; his prophetic tale of terror in the streets — and love in the home — doesn't convince.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ A DICTIONARY OF SLANG AND UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH, by Eric Partridge. \$12.50. *Macmillan*. One thousand and sixteen pages of words, assembled with much scholarship and an earnest eye on the American market: a companion piece, says the accompanying literature, to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Words from the gutters and backstairs of living, and words from the drains and sinks of hell: and where they come from, and why: pacifists take note how much colloquial speech derives from the military. Words, many of them, in transition, getting ready to pass upstairs; and other words, as old as Beowulf, that never will become respectable, nor ever disappear from the English tongue: even Eric Partridge substitutes asterisks for their vowels.

★★★★ THE FASCIST: HIS STATE AND HIS MIND, by E. B. Ashton. \$2.50. *Morrow*. From the "Liberal" point of view, Mr. Ashton commits an egregious error: he does not accept the thesis that all Fascists are thugs and assassins. In fact, he even goes so far as to suggest that certain



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THE CHECK LIST

of them, as found operating today in European areas, are human beings. This book is a highly important contribution to current political debate: a thorough understanding of Fascist philosophy, rather than hysterical attacks upon it, will help mightily in preventing its appearance in America.

★★★★ THE THIRD REICH, by Henri Lichtenberger. Translated by Koppel S. Pinson. \$3.00. *Greystone Press*. A French scholar looks at Germany — in the impartial manner. Leaving bias and venom to the pamphleteers, he attempts to analyze the stream of historic event which has led to Hitler's supremacy. On some points, he is dogmatic; on others, he admits to doubts. But on the whole, an excellent, objective study of today's Germany.

★★★ ROLLING ALONG IN SONG. A Chronological Survey of American Negro Music, edited and arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson. \$3.50. *Viking*. Whether or not one believes negro folk-songs of importance to musical history, this collection of popular spirituals and jazz makes an attractive handbook.

★★★ THE SUPREME COURT AND THE NATIONAL WILL, by Dean Alfange. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. More ammunition, heavily-loaded, for the advocates of a judicial status quo. The author is not hot for the Tories or for the New Deal; he takes his stand on the premise that the Court, in future as in past, will somehow conform to changing social conditions.

★★★ THE SOURCE OF CIVILIZATION, by Gerald Heard. \$3.50. *Harpers*. More material on a subject which is at present occupying the best minds. Mr. Heard's analyses of social trends and philosophies, coupled with a discussion of human behavior, promise hope for the future. Violence, it appears, does not pay.

★★★ STUDIES IN THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY, edited by George Peter Murdock. \$5.00. *Yale University Press*. Twenty-

six able authors, all of whom received the Ph.D. at Yale for work done under Prof. Albert Galloway Keller, have compiled these studies for presentation to their former mentor on the completion of his thirtieth year of academic service. The essays, covering a range of topics, exemplify Prof. Keller's influence upon social science research.

★★★ BIOLOGICAL TIME, by P. Lecomte du Nouÿ. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Scientific treatise on Time, the master of all, as it manifests itself in physiological spheres, as opposed to physical. In brief, the cosmic against the human. Dr. Alexis Carrel contributes a brilliant foreword.

★★★ THOUGHT'S ON DEATH AND LIFE, by William Ernest Hocking. \$2.00. *Harpers*. No thinking person can dispute the persuasive appeal of these essays on a subject that remains forever impenetrable. And no thinking writer has ever approached the Great Darkness with more serenity of mind and heart.

★★ THE MASTS OF GLOUCESTER, by Raymond McFarland. \$3.00. *Norton*. Young McFarland spent a Summer before entering college in hunting mackerel from a Gloucester fishing schooner. His narrative of those days has a salty tang.

★ THE 101 RANCH, by Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England. \$3.00. *University of Oklahoma Press*. Saga of the famous Oklahoma ranch which produced Wild West shows, fertile crops, and pedigreed livestock. For half a century it stood as a picturesque memento of the old West; then the Depression came. Today, creditors have replaced cowboys.

★ GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS AND THEIR USE, by L. F. Schmeckebier. \$3.00. *Brookings Institution*. The output of our federal presses is as vast as it is endless. But this textbook goes a long way toward clarifying the picture. Students, writers, librarians, and such will find Dr. Schmeckebier's researches invaluable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

FRED E. BEAL (*I Was a Communist Martyr*) has written a book relating his experiences as a Left-wing labor organizer, *Proletarian Journey* (Hillman-Curl), which will be published this month. **LAURENCE BELL** (*Strip-Tease as a National Art*), a native Southerner, is a New York free-lance writer. **WITTER BYNER** (*Epitaph for a Constant Lover*) resides in Santa Fe, New Mexico. **ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE** (*Old Man*) contributes verse, articles, and children's stories to numerous publications. **ALAN DEVOE** (*The Snake*), essayist and short-story writer, lives on an old farmstead in upper New York State. **DELLA T. LUTES** (*Fat of the Land*) spent her childhood on a farm in Southern Michigan. **HELENE MULLINS** (*Lost*) will publish this Fall another book of selected poetry, to be brought out by the Caxton Press. **EDGAR LEE MASTERS** (*End of August*) is the distinguished American poet and biographer. **LOUISE MCNEILL** (*Neurotic*), a former newspaperwoman, teaches school in the mountains of West Virginia. **H. W. SEAMAN** (*Ninety-Nine Per-Cent British*) is an English journalist who learned his trade in America. He contributes frequently to *THE MERCURY*. **DANIEL W. SMYTHE** (*City Street*) raises Rhode Island Reds on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts. **ELIOT B. SPALDING** (*America's Cry-Baby Athletes*), who spent nine years in the newspaper business, is now secretary of the Cambridge (Massachusetts) Taxpayers Association. **AUGUST A. THOMEN** (*Don't You Believe It!*) is a Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, and the author of *Don't Believe It! Says the Doctor* (Vail-Ballou Press). **THOMAS WOLFE** (*April, Late April*) is the well-known American novelist.

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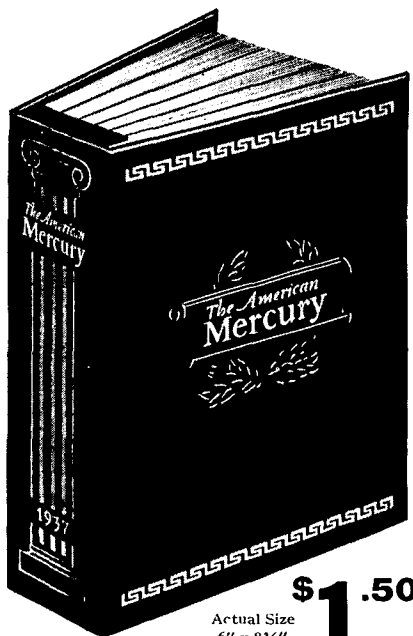
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*** indicate an outstanding performance, ** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***††† *Romeo and Juliet Overture*, Tchaikowsky: (RCA-Victor, three 12-inch records, \$6.50). Just how much Tchaikowsky's fevered score has to do with Shakespeare's drama (particularly the mimic war that depicts the strife of the Montagues and the Capulets) is eminently debatable, but there can be no contention about the quality of this performance by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is both vivid and discreet, the orchestral playing is characteristically excellent, and the reproduction nothing less than astonishing. The sixth side contains an excerpt from Sibelius's *Swan-White* suite (*Maiden with the Roses*) that is highly inconsequential.

***††† *Der Freischütz Overture*, Weber: (Columbia, one 12-inch record, \$1.50). A superb performance by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Thomas plays the work as though there were not a dozen versions of it already in the catalogues; indeed, as though he were sharing a revelation with the world.

***†† *Concerto in B minor*, Handel: (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$4.50). That this work bears the name of Henri Casadesus as "arranger" is a hint for the informed music-lover to regard its authenticity with suspicion; however, whether it is genuine or spurious Handel, it is certainly not extraordinary music. The chief interest of the disks is the expert performance of the solo viola part by William Primrose. There is a workmanlike orchestral accompaniment directed by Walter Goehr.

PIANO

***†† *Polonaises* (Nos. 1 to 7), Chopin: (RCA-Victor, eight 12-inch records,

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RECORDED MUSIC

\$16.00). An opportunity to discover that Chopin wrote some magnificent music in this form, aside from the hackneyed *Military* and *A flat Polonaises*. Arthur Rubinstein's performances are not the most individualized that could be imagined, but they are exceptionally sound and well-conceived. In addition to the works numbered above, the volume includes the early *Andante Spianato* and *Grande Polonaise* (opus 22).

CHAMBER MUSIC

***††† *Sonata in C (opus 102, No. 1), Beethoven*: (RCA-Victor, two 12-inch records, \$4). Pablo Casals is here represented by his first recorded performance in several years, also his first performance for the phonograph of an extended work. The nobility and ease of his playing are no less remarkable than they have ever been, though the work is one of Beethoven's lesser creations. Mieczyslaw Horszowski gives the cellist exemplary assistance at the piano.

***††† *Quartet in F, Rieti*: (RCA-Victor, two 10-inch records, \$3). One of the more attractive quartets by a modern composer, superbly played by the Pro Arte ensemble.

***††† *Quartet in A (opus 18, No. 5), Beethoven*: (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$4.50). The Lener Quartet provides the long-desired contemporary recording of this work, completing their treatment of the six quartets of this opus. As the music is essentially decorative, it is well within the scope of the players.

DANCE

Can I Forget You and The Folks Who Live on the Hill (Victor, 10-inch record, \$.75). Top tunes from the most recent Jerome Kern cinamusal, *High, Wide, and Handsome*. The suave performers are Guy Lombardo and band, with brother Carmen as the vocalist.

To Love You and To Lose You and Long as You Got Your Health: (RCA-Victor, 10-inch record, 75¢). Attention-worthy here is the attractive *To Love You and To Lose You*, from Kurt Weill's score for the short-lived *Johnny Johnson* by Paul Green. Though the arrangement is somewhat over-complex, the performance by Ray Noble is ingratiating. The reverse offers a lively tune from *The Show is On*.

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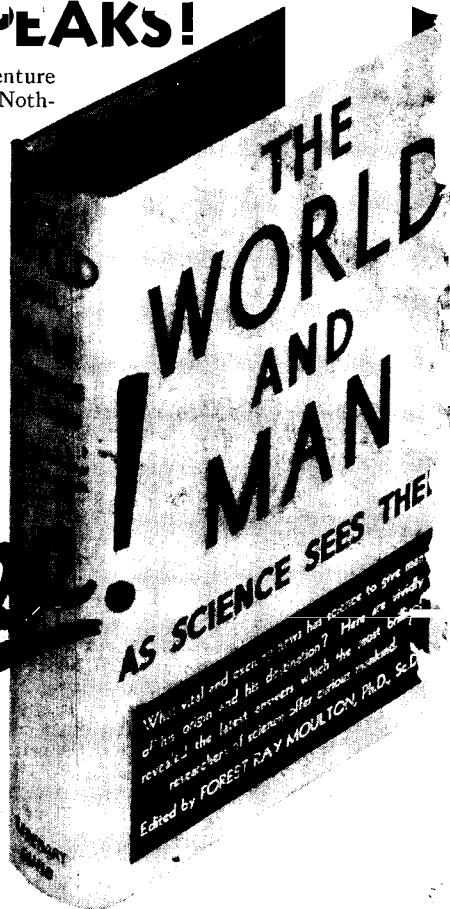
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